The Outlook

JANUARY 31, 1914

LYMAN ABBOTT
Editor-in-Chief

HAMILTON W. MABIE
Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

R. D. TOWNSEND
Managing Editor

THE PRESIDENT'S ANTI-TRUST MESSAGE

The first thing about the President's Message of last week that strikes the reader is its style. It is not only a political paper, it is a literary production. Take, for example, such a sentence as this: "Legislation has its atmosphere like everything else, and the atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding which we now breathe with so much refreshment is a matter of sincere congratulation." This is the literary equivalent for the statement of the man-on-the-street who says, "Stop knocking and get together, boys." The literary quality of President Wilson's state papers at first puzzled the country. But we think, on the whole, the people have grown to like it. They remember that other countries have had literary statesmen. Two recent Prime Ministers of England, Gladstone and Balfour, were literary stylists and philosophers; Ambassador Jusserand, of France, is an essayist of the first rank; Ambassador Nabuco, of Brazil, was a poet of distinction. Some wit has said that the difference between the brothers William and Henry James consists in this, that Henry James is a novelist who writes like a philosopher, and William James is a philosopher who writes like a novelist. President Wilson is a political lion who writes like a literary lamb. We do not say that the President's English style, exact and elegant as it is, is the best style in which to make an appeal to the reason and conscience of the people, but it has a distinction of both grace and intelligence in which the country may justly be proud. It is the mode of expression of a Washington rather than of an Andrew Jackson. It seems to us that a state paper is more effective when couched in more direct and commoner phraseology than is characteristic of Mr. Wilson's Presidential papers, although it must be admitted by all that the extreme stateliness and literary propriety of Washington is far preferable to the vigor of Andrew Jackson, which so often descended into vulgarity.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECOMMENDATIONS

The temper of the Message, which is that of a man who, having conquered an enemy, desires to make honorable peace with him and to establish a ground upon which he and the reformed enemy can live in prosperity and mutual understanding, is admirable. This atmosphere of peace and mutual understanding has been brought about very largely, the President thinks, by the clearing away of the storm that raged about the Currency Bill. The American people, he says in the concluding lines of his address, "are now about to write the additional articles of our constitution of peace—the peace that is honor and freedom and prosperity." He defines these articles as follows:

1. Prohibition of interlocking directorates.
2. Empowering the Inter-State Commerce Commission to superintend and regulate the issuance of all railway stocks and bonds.
3. An amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or an extension of its influence by supplementary legislation.
4. The creation of an administrative Commission which shall aid the courts in breaking up monopolistic trusts and help honorable business men to conform to the law.
5. The enactment of a law which shall make individuals who violate anti-trust prohibitions liable to criminal punishment.
6. The prohibition of holding companies and the regulation of the right of stockholders to vote when they possess a monopolistic voting power.
7. The right of individuals to use the facts and evidence established by the Government as established proof in private suits for redress against monopolies.

With most of these recommendations we think the country is in hearty sympathy. To our mind, the least feasible among them is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that which concerns the right of stockholders to vote in corporations in which they are bona fide owners. It is not difficult to see how interlocking directorates may be suppressed; it is difficult to see on what principle of justice a stockholder who owns big blocks of stock in two competing lines of railways can be prohibited from voting that stock as he thinks his best interests demand.

Mr. Wilson's recommendation as to a Federal industrial Commission we wish might have been more definite. It is interesting to compare his language suggesting the creation of an "Inter-State Trade Commission" with the following passage from the platform of the Progressive party in 1912:

To that end we urge the establishing of a strong Federal administrative Commission of high standing, which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, or such of them as are of public importance, doing for them what the Government now does for the National banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Such a Commission must enforce the complete publicity of those corporation transactions which are of public interest; must attack unfair competition, false capitalization, and special privilege; and by continuous trained watchfulness guard and keep open equally to all the highways of American commerce. Thus the business man will have certain knowledge of the law, and will be able to conduct his business easily in conformity therewith; the investor will find security for his capital; dividends will be rendered more certain; and the savings of the people will be drawn naturally and safely into the channels of trade.

The President read his Message to Congress on Tuesday of last week. On Friday there was made public the text of four bills embodying his proposals—bills which evidently have the approval of the Administration. We shall consider them as they are debated in Congress.

Elsewhere in this issue we enter into a fuller editorial discussion of the policies and principles recommended by the President in his Message.

THE WONDERS OF WIRELESS

The ability to wonder is one of the blessings of childhood. A boy can find as much to stimulate his imagination in a two-by-four mud-puddle as his sophisticated elders can find in the Panama Canal. The child has the correct understanding of things. He likes them, not because they are bigger, smaller, or wetter than something else, but merely because they *are*, and "to see is to admire." This inability to wonder makes grown-ups ready to accept as commonplace anything that they happen to have seen twice. It is true that it would prove tiresome to shout with excitement whenever one turned on the electric light, but it might be a more wholesome procedure than to ignore its existence entirely—except when it fails to work.

We are in danger of coming to treat wireless telegraphy as we have treated so many other discoveries of science. The rescue of the passengers of the Republic, the rescue of the survivors from the Titanic and Volturno, have taught us to regard the wireless as the necessary adjunct to a sea voyage. The recent rescue of the passengers and crew of the steamer Cobequid, wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, is another reason for believing in the vital utility of the Marconi invention, and likewise for making an appeal that this wonder, at least, be kept out of the category of clothespins and turnips.

THE DISASTER TO THE COBEQUID

The case of the Cobequid differs from that of the three great liners which met disaster in the open sea. The Cobequid went ashore at night, in a winter gale.

Unaware of her own exact position, she was able to send out little more than an indefinite appeal for help. Then her dynamos were flooded and her wireless flickered out of existence. The Cobequid's message was caught at Cape Sable about daybreak of the 13th, and immediately notice was sent to all steamers in the neighborhood to join in the search. The passengers and the crew of the wrecked steamer knew only that other vessels were searching for them. The outside world, however, followed for a day the desperate game of hide-and-seek played among the storm-swept reefs and rocks of the Nova Scotian coast. Twenty-four hours after the sending of the message from the Cobequid the steamer Westport stumbled out of the night and alongside the broken-backed vessel. Then followed the John L. Cann, the Government ship Lansdowne, and the oil steamer Rappahannock, which did such excellent work at the time of the Volturno disaster. Before five o'clock that afternoon all but twelve of the one hundred and eight persons comprising the passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer were transferred to one or another of the vessels we have named.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The captain and part of the crew chose to remain on board until the following morning.

This dramatic disaster points out not only the value of the wireless but the necessity of so equipping a steamer that the destruction of the wireless outfit by the flooding of any single part of the steamer is made impossible. Duplicate equipment of storage batteries or of independent dynamos should be installed upon every steamer.

A photograph of the Cobequid upon the rocks appears in the illustrated section of this issue.

THE FORT BLISS CAMP

Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, is now the home of nearly five thousand refugees from Ojinaga. Their journey from Presidio, the American town across the Rio Grande from Ojinaga, was comparatively uneventful. The Red Cross work at Presidio is about to be closed. The few seriously wounded remaining there will be taken to the army hospital, as the Government rightly feels that it should meet any expense for the support of these refugees. The story of the battle of Ojinaga, of the flight of the Federals with their wounded, of the arrival of Mexican refugees upon the American side of the Rio Grande under guard of American sentries, is graphically told by four pictures in our illustrated section.

The first Mexican soldiers to arrive at Fort Bliss were regulars, the remnant of the regular army from the State of Chihuahua. Those coming later were irregulars or volunteers. Our authorities organized the prisoners into the same companies and regiments to which they were attached before the fall of Ojinaga. Roll call, under the supervision of an American non-commissioned officer, is held morning and evening. Each company has the same officers that commanded it in the past, and each regiment of course contains the same companies.

As rapidly as the Federal fighters reached the refugee camp they were assigned to their places on the company "streets." Their baggage and kettles were unstrapped and food was given to them by an American camp cook, assisted by a Mexican captain, who had to keep a sharp watch to prevent the men from returning for a second ration. The Mexicans were distributed along the yellow conical tents already set up by our soldiers and were put to work sawing firewood, digging trenches, and setting up additional tents. The prisoners were dressed in all kinds of costumes, few having complete outfits. The camp-followers carried pots, pans, kettles, and bedding with them, and many carried their small children on their backs. One woman had a sack full of chickens. Many of the women were barefooted; others wore sandals; few had shoes. As soon as the Mexicans were distributed along the company streets they set up their camp-fires and were soon busy cooking beans and patting out *tortillas*, or pancakes made of Indian corn mashed and baked on an earthen pan. For housing and feeding the five thousand Mexicans our Government will have to pay out at least $1,600 a day. Although the Mexicans will make their own flour *tortillas*, our army cooks expect to bake bread for them.

Our medical officers immediately began a personal examination of every one in the camp. Very many shower-baths with hot and cold water have been erected, and the prisoners will be compelled to bathe at frequent intervals. It is a relief to know that regular army sanitation will be maintained.

FRANCE AND MEXICO

The repudiation of the January interest due on Mexican bonds has created a bad impression in Mexico as well as elsewhere.

In Mexico many supposed that the Government's failure to pay interest might make the unthinking natives feel that they had just so much more money to spend at home. But the Mexicans have discovered that funds are lacking, not only for interest payments, but also, as is now reported, for payments to the army, and even for postal money-orders and other obligations. Hence rumors were immediately circulated of an impending increase in taxes of all kinds. Under such circumstances it would seem as if the Huerta administration could hardly last long.

Abroad the January repudiation of interest drew general attention to Mexico's bonded indebtedness, and, in particular, it drew the attention of the French Government. With characteristic promptness, it sent a note of protest to President Huerta. The note does not point out, as he possibly might have expected, that France will now exercise her privilege of forcing the collection of the Mexican customs duties, on which the loans are based, to pay the interest. Instead, to our satisfaction, the document is worded so as to imply tacit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support of our own Government's Mexican policy.

This in the first place. In the second, the action of France may be regarded not so much as indicating any expectation of getting the defaulted payment at an early date, but simply as establishing a claim for priority of consideration when the final settlement comes.

At all events, the relinquishment by France of her right to seize Mexican customs to the amount of the interest due on Mexican securities held by her is regarded as the only practical course of action now open to the French Government. For Europeans generally admit that, as long as they are not in the position to undertake the whole task of intervening in Mexico, they should not employ force.

The default of interest on Mexican bonds has naturally caused some timid holders to endeavor to unload their holdings. The result is rather pathetic, for there is little market for the bonds. What a contrast to conditions ten years ago, when there was active competition for Mexican loans, when they were largely held by our investors, and when there was little variation in the quotations on individual sales!

ADMIRAL FLETCHER

"Friday Fletcher" is the name by which the American Admiral commanding in Mexican waters is known throughout the navy. His portrait appears on another page.

"Friday" is really a nickname. The Admiral was born on a Friday, and his father used to call him "my little man Friday." That "Friday" became so strongly fastened to the boy that his older brother entered his name on the Naval Academy's roster as Frank Friday Fletcher. And Frank Friday Fletcher is now an admiral.

He was one of the honor men of his class at Annapolis, and his rise has been rapid through the ranks of midshipman, ensign, lieutenant of the junior grade, lieutenant of the senior grade, commander, captain, and rear-admiral.

Admiral Fletcher has another title to fame. He is an inventor. His inventions include an improvement in telescopic sights; a design for a frictionless gun mount through the use of truncated cones on a roller path, an invention now generally adopted throughout the navy; finally, a breech-closing mechanism for shifting the breech of a rapid-fire gun in the quickest possible time, this also being widely used in the service. Admiral Fletcher, it would thus appear, is emphatically a scientific sailor.

He enjoys yet another distinction because of his authority as a student of international law. Doubtless this was taken into consideration by Secretaries Meyer and Daniels in assigning him to his present position and in keeping him there. To it the Admiral brought a rich fund of experience gained in many parts of the world, particularly when in command of the Minnesota in the world voyage of our battle-ship fleet.

Admiral Fletcher was ordered to Mexico directly after the murder of Madero. He first flew his pennant on the Vermont, later transferring it to the Louisiana, and then to the Rhode Island. Most of the time he has been at Vera Cruz, but when the situation at Tampico became threatening, went thither. When the war-ships of foreign Powers came into the harbor, ready to care for refugees from the city, a good illustration was afforded of the desirability of having vice-admirals in our navy, for Admiral Fletcher found himself outranked in seniority by the British commander. Though any immediate embarrassment was avoided by the foreigner's deference, he did distinctly reserve the privilege of assuming direction should events, in his opinion, call for such action.

Congress should create the rank of vice-admiral, and its first ornament might well be Frank Friday Fletcher.

PICQUART: HERO

Marie-Georges Picquart is dead. He was only fifty-nine years old. But what long-lived man was ever a finer soldier?

Picquart was born in Strassburg. It was French then. He saw the cathedral and library set on fire by German shells. He resolved to devote his life to the French army. He entered the St. Cyr Military School and graduated fifth in a class of four hundred; he graduated second at the War College. When he was only thirty-three, he was already a major.

He became an instructor in the War College. One of his pupils was Alfred Dreyfus, a Jew. Unblemished in service, Dreyfus became a captain. But his fellow-soldiers hated him because he was a Jew. How could they prejudice the public against him? An opportunity came when the fragments of a document were produced, said to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been found in the overcoat pocket of the German military attaché at Paris. When fitted together, these fragments were seen to be parts of army plans, apparently written by a French spy. The handwriting was like Dreyfus's handwriting. He was arrested. He was kept in solitary confinement. He was found guilty and sentenced to public expulsion from the army and to life imprisonment.

In full uniform, carrying a naked sword filed almost in two, he was marched into the court of the Military School in the presence of five thousand of his comrades. The adjutant of the Republican Guard read the sentence of the court martial, took Dreyfus's sword, broke it, cast the pieces on the ground, cut the buttons and insignia of rank from Dreyfus's uniform and threw them also on the ground. "You have condemned an innocent man," said Dreyfus. "I swear that I am innocent."

Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Isle, a rock which had been considered too unhealthy for a convict settlement, off the coast of French Guiana. He spent five years there in solitary confinement, for a time being chained to his cot. He knew nothing of the efforts of his wife and his friends to obtain a new trial for him.

Chief among those helpers of Dreyfus was Picquart. When Picquart discovered that forgeries had been used in sending Dreyfus to Devil's Isle, he took up the cudgels in behalf of the condemned captain. But the anti-Semites were determined to "do" Picquart too. On one charge and another they caused his arrest and imprisonment, and finally drove him from the army. Thus Picquart sacrificed his brilliant and certain prospects; he incurred degradation, imprisonment, and attempted assassination for the sake of doing justice to a Jew.

THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE

In the end Picquart was triumphant. With the aid of Labori, the lawyer, and Zola, the novelist, he succeeded in having the case reviewed by a second court martial. At this Picquart was Dreyfus's most useful witness. The prosecution revealed an astounding mass of forgeries. The result was unsatisfactory, most of the judges favoring conviction, but with "extenuating circumstances;" they finally recommended pardon, but without vindication. Dreyfus accepted pardon; but he and Picquart insisted on vindication also. They kept up the fight until, finally, from the highest court they obtained a verdict of innocence and the restoration of Dreyfus to the army.

Thus closed a particularly disgraceful passage in French history, and indeed in military history.

But Picquart's part in history was not ended. Premier Clemenceau further redeemed French honor by restoring him to the army with the rank of General. M. Clemenceau did more. He made Picquart his Minister of War. Picquart, now powerful, could have punished those who persecuted him. Instead, he added to his repute by showing himself as magnanimous as he had been relentless.

As to his own army service, the Government organs of the day called him "the best war chief France ever had."

Honor to his ashes!

LORD STRATHCONA

Last autumn The Outlook spoke of Lord Strathcona's career as a romance. The occasion for our comment was the announcement by Lord Strathcona that when he reached the age of ninety-four, this year, he would expect to resign his post as Canadian High Commissioner in London. But death has come before he reached that age.

Among British empire-builders Lord Strathcona's name will doubtless stand alongside those of Lord Clive and Cecil Rhodes.

Queen Victoria had just been crowned when a young Scot, Donald Smith, at the age of eighteen, took his chances in Canada. He might have stayed at home comfortably with his kinsmen, the Grants of Manchester, whom Dickens immortalized under the name of Cheeryble. Instead, Donald Smith chose to be a cadet of the Hudson's Bay Company. This meant privation. This meant passages from Quebec to Ungava, very many hundreds of miles, on foot or in dog-sled. Donald Smith learned the fur trade in the north and rose in the Hudson's Bay service until he became Governor, and as such played a leading part in the transference of the Company's lands to the new Dominion Government.

From that day to this he has had more to do with the development of Canada than, perhaps, any other man. The growth of the individual and of the nation have closely and impressively coincided. In his work with the Hudson's Bay Company he had gained a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiarity with the denizens of a wild region which stood him in good stead when later he was sent as commissioner to inquire into the causes of the Red River Rebellion. That rebellion was put down largely through his tact and cleverness.

Donald Smith's name will always be associated with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This road has apparently impressed itself more deeply on the imagination of both Canada and the United States than has any other. The reason is easy to see, for it was the first great continental railway under one system to link two oceans. Donald Smith's railway-building proved invaluable in prosperously developing the great Northwest Territories and in inducing a remarkable growth of immigration to the Dominion.

AN EMPIRE-BUILDER

Donald Smith was important both politically and commercially. Definitely identified with Manitoba, he entered its first Legislature; he also became a member of the Northwest Territorial Council, the body which then administered the Northwest Territories. His next step was to enter the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, in which he spent many years of service, and in which he exerted great influence.

When he was seventy-seven years old, he accepted the High Commissionership to England, which, despite changes in administration at home, he held continuously to his death. He was an ideal High Commissioner. Not only had his experience been coeval with Canadian development, but he was a signal example of the intelligent, broad-minded, philanthropic statesman.

Now a rich man, his purse as well as his mind was at his country's service. When Montreal was in urgent need of a new hospital, he gave a million dollars for its foundation and endowment. He also gave a million dollars each to other Montreal institutions —the McGill University and the Victoria College for the Higher Education of Women. He also gave large sums to the London hospitals and to other charities. He founded musical scholarships in London. He assisted multitudes of young Canadians towards a career. But the most romantic of all his gifts was when, in the dark days of the Boer War, this self-made Scotchman from Canada announced that at his own expense he would assemble, equip, and despatch to the seat of war a body of Canadian cavalrymen. He did so, and the regiment of six hundred men did fine service in the war. They were known as Strathcona's Horse. Lord Strathcona's humane sprit expressed itself in the interest he had for the work of Dr. Grenfell among the Labrador fishermen.

A peerage to Donald Smith in 1897 under the title of Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal was a comparatively empty honor in view of his services to his country and to the Empire. But whether under one name or another, he has enjoyed a peculiarly enviable position as a real power behind the throne. It is good when such a man lives to a ripe old age.

EDWIN GINN

Edwin Ginn, the well-known publisher, who died in Boston last week, was a type of self-made American who deals strongly with practical affairs and remains an ingrained idealist. Born in Maine, attending the district school for the brief space of four months, cooking in a logging camp at the age of twelve, after two years on the Grand Bank attending a seminary in his native State, Mr. Ginn began to teach school at the age of seventeen in order to obtain funds to continue his education. Later he entered Tufts College, and was graduated in 1862. In 1876 he associated himself with Mr. Heath, and in 1881 the house of Ginn, Heath & Co. was founded, and rapidly secured a first position among publishers of school-books. In 1885 Mr. Heath withdrew, and since that time the business has been continued under the name of Ginn & Co.

During the last ten years of his life Mr. Ginn had been one of the leaders of the movement to secure the peace of the world. He was a man of large wealth. He began contributing fifty thousand dollars a year as a World Peace Foundation, and at his death he bequeathed for this purpose a fund of one million dollars. His enthusiasm and devotion quite as much as his fortune have become part of the endowment of the Peace Movement, which has now taken on vast proportions and has been organized in many directions in the endeavor to secure the most substantial results. Mr. Ginn felt very deeply that in the movement to substitute the methods of peace for war the United States ought to be the natural leader, and that if a definite policy of peace were outlined and adopted by this country

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the movement could be greatly hastened. Whether Mr. Ginn was right or not in his feeling about the immediate influence of such an action on the part of the Government of the United States, it is certainly true that the great endowments for peace made by him and Mr. Carnegie, administered as they are along rational lines and with far-seeing intelligence, have counted strongly in educating public sentiment.

RACE BETTERMENT

"We have wonderful new races of horses, cows, and pigs. Why should we not have a new and improved race of men?" These are the opening sentences of the paper which was read by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, at the National Conference on Race Betterment which was held at Battle Creek on January 8, 9, 10, and 11. Dr. Kellogg, in homely but effective phraseology, thus set forth the purpose of the Conference, which was a noteworthy gathering.

The character of the men and women who assembled to attend the Conference placed its deliberations upon a high plane. It was not a gathering of "long-haired men and short-haired women" desirous of riding hobbies and discussing fads and fancies, but a meeting of scientific workers intent upon getting new ideas, exchanging views, and creating an organization which shall be the center through which various efforts, individual and associated, may co-operate in the physical, mental, and moral development of the race. Many universities and scientific societies sent members of their faculties, and a number of philanthropic and sociological institutions sent their foremost workers. Dr. Stephen Smith, Vice-President of the New York State Board of Charities, was President of the Conference.

Among the well-known men and women who were active in the creation of the Conference were Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy at Yale University; Sir Horace Plunkett, ex-Minister of Agriculture for Ireland; Dr. V. C. Vaughan, President-elect of the American Medical Association; Dr. C. B. Davenport, Director of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the distinguished apostle of pure food; Dr. Charles W. Eliot, late President of Harvard University; Dr. O. H. Rogers, Medical Director of the New York Life Insurance Company; and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, the distinguished Superintendent of Schools in Chicago.

It is impossible in a brief paragraph to give any impression of the subjects covered by the various addresses, lectures, and discussions of the four days of the Conference, many of which were illustrated by moving pictures and lantern slides. But the proceedings of the Conference are to be published in a full report, which may be obtained on the payment of one dollar by addressing Miss Emily F. Robins, Secretary of the National Conference on Race Betterment, Battle Creek, Michigan.

The report will contain many striking papers. Notable among them, however, we regard the two by Dr. J. H. Kellogg and Dr. W. S. Hall, of the Northwestern University Medical School. Dr. Kellogg, in a startling array of scientific statistics, shows that race degeneracy is one of the real evils of modern civilization which must be grappled with; and Dr. Hall shows one of the most effective ways to grapple with it. We do not remember to have seen a better or franker treatment than Dr. Hall's of the much-debated question as to how to teach the boy and girl the necessary truths regarding sex and sex relations.

It is interesting to learn that the biologists, physiologists, psychologists, criminologists, pedagogists, religionists, eugenists, economists, educationists, and publicists at the Conference gave general acceptance to the following statement by Dr. Gulick of the basis of the work of the Conference: "We believe that the core of race betterment consists in promoting more and better homes." It is hoped and believed that this National Conference on Race Betterment will be an annual event, and that out of it will grow a Race Betterment League with a central office in New York City.

GERMAN MILITARISM

On another page The Outlook reproduces a cartoon from the well-known Munich illustrated weekly "Simplicissimus." The liberty allowed to this paper seems incredible even to an American. Week by week it caricatures the Kaiser and the Chancellor in drastic fashion.

The Government is doubtless acting wisely in allowing it as much liberty as possible. In the first place, it is published in the capital of Bavaria, and of all Germans the Bavarians are most likely to find fault with the monarch and Imperial Chancellor in the Prussian capital, even although it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the capital of the German Empire. Cartoons in such papers as "Simplicissimus," "Jugend," and "Ulk" form an outlet for any excess of feeling, and proportionately relieve the German mind.

These cartoons and caricatures should be considered along with the editorials in such intelligent and official molders of public opinion as are the newspapers, not only of Bavaria and South Germany in general, but also such representatives of North German opinion as the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the "Berliner Tageblatt." Thus, as to the present army situation, one can but feel that the German nation as a whole is opposed to what has happened in the army courts martial. At all events, general indignation is expressed throughout Germany concerning the incidents at Zabern, in Alsace-Lorraine, which led to the courts martial with their decision upholding the brutal action of the army officers.

The army itself in general, we believe, does not uphold this action. The rank and file of the army represents the German nation. The action was taken by a few officers, some of them very young, who exceeded their authority, according to the opinion of most people, though not according to that of the courts martial. Those officers will now have to face the judgment of the nation as already expressed by Parliament's vote of censure, and as may be again expressed by a similar vote.

It is possibly significant that the decision of the courts martial has not yet been confirmed by the Emperor.

THE CHINESE PARLIAMENT

It is interesting to note that the Chinese Government, like our own, includes a Department of the Interior. Unlike our own, however, this Department has charge of elections. The Department has now requested the directors of elections in the various provinces of China to send to Peking, the capital, the so-called "reserve members" of Parliament to fill the vacancies left by the recently expelled members.

Who are these reserve members? They are generally the unsuccessful rivals of the regular members in the elections to the Senate and House of Representatives—like our own of the same name, the two chambers which make up the Parliament. If an unsuccessful candidate in China holds the required number of votes at the first elections, he becomes a reserve member without the formality of a new election. The required number of votes for a Senator is one-third of the total number, and for a Representative one-half of the total number—but in the latter case the total number is to be divided by the number of members allotted to the particular district.

Elections to the Senate are held by the provincial legislators; to the House of Representatives the people elect directly.

The latest development of democracy—that of China—has thus striking resemblances to our own—and striking differences from it.

JAPAN: RECOVERING FROM DISASTER

Telegraphic reports from Kagoshima indicate that there have been further eruptions of the volcano, and it is probable that these eruptions will continue for some time to come. It is not believed, however, that there will be any further devastation or loss of life. An exploration of the island of Sakura reveals the destruction by fire of nine out of the eighteen villages; but it is believed that the loss of life in the section is much less than was first reported. In the city of Kagoshima very little damage was done to the public edifices and large business buildings. Nearly half the refugees have returned and order is being restored. It is expected that the schools will open in a few days.

MISSIONS AND CHURCH UNITY

The unity of the Protestant churches on this continent in their missionary work among non-Christian peoples stands out in significant contrast with the separatism insisted on by a portion of the Church of England in the unhappy controversy recently started after such unity had been shown at Kikuyu in East Africa. Unity was the most conspicuous feature of the Conference held in New York City, January 12 and 13, by the Committee of Reference and Counsel representing the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

Throughout the addresses and discussions of these two days the note of unity was sounded and emphasized alike by all—Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and the rest—with enthusiastic expressions of purpose to realize it at home and abroad.

Amid the letters on the Kikuyu controversy that have lately swarmed in British jour-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nals, that of the Dean of Worcester, Dr. Moore Ede, cites an authority that should have prevented it. The Fifty-fifth Canon of the Church of England defines the "Holy Catholic Church," for which prayer is to be offered, as "the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world," besides the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland. This canon, dating from 1603, has not become obsolete. Its words are still recited at Oxford and Cambridge in the so-called "bidding prayer," preceding every University sermon. Its definition of the Holy Catholic Church, as understood by the Church of England, includes the non-episcopal churches, as is shown by its express inclusion of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

IT DOESN'T PAY

Mr. W. A. Brady, the well-known theater manager of New York, has been putting some plain truths in a plain way in regard to the vicious play. The Outlook has long maintained that this kind of literature, whether on the stage or in fiction, is enveloped in a cloud of misrepresentation. The claim that these plays are necessary because life must be dealt with freely, and that they are artistic because they are real, is hypocritical, as is also the claim that the public want them and therefore the theaters must supply them. Mr. Brady says that there seems to be a sort of periodical craze for uncleanness; that while this craze lasts there seems to be no chance for the drama of decency. But the fact is that such plays, even if they succeed at the start, contain no permanent appeal and have no lasting quality. The unclean play pays only for a short time. It is the clean play that pays permanently, and the large permanent audience is the audience that supports the clean plays.

It is significant that the little group of the most popular plays now or recently on the stage in New York are notably clean, wholesome, and interesting. Among them are "Peg o' My Heart," "Grumpy," and "General John Regan." Two of these plays contain notably good character acting; the third play is an Irish farce. Mr. Warfield, who has been playing "The Auctioneer," is always delightfully human; Miss Maude Adams, who has now been seen in a new comedy by Mr. Barrie, takes one as far out of the atmosphere of the vicious play as is the coast of Maine on an August day from the worst slum in America. There are a number of other plays which are filling the theaters of New York with men and women who can look in each other's faces during the play without apology or shame.

The vicious plays, like the little group of magazines which have gone into the vice business and might now almost be called circulating houses of ill fame, have only a passing popularity. They not only violate sound taste and sound morals, but they violate business principles, for nothing finally succeeds in business that does not supply a real need in an honest way.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

Seventy-five clergymen, most of them members of the Clerical Conference of the New York Federation of Churches, gathered in the green room of the Fifth Avenue Restaurant, New York City, on Monday, January 19, for a unique purpose.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the eminent Shakespearean actor, a pupil of Sir Henry Irving, was their guest of honor. He frankly and feelingly told them, in the course of a half-hour address, that he did not know of a similar gathering in honor of any actor in all the years that he had been connected with the stage, and among all the honors of his life, he declared, he would rank in first place their assurance that the work he had been doing was spiritualizing in its tone as well as artistically refreshing. This, he said, he believed to be the main aim of all the great actors he had known, and, out of personal knowledge and intimate association with them, he declared that they were men and women of clean personal and domestic life. Of the personal Christian character of Bernard Shaw he expressed his unqualified commendation. For problem plays, especially those that deal with sex questions, he prophesied evanescence. For the support of large audiences in his American tour his gratitude was warm, enabling him, as it did, to retire from the stage to the studio to spend the remainder of his life in art study and work. It was inevitable that he should also pay tribute to America for the sweetness of his own home life, as Lady Forbes-Robertson (Gertrude Elliott) was a Maine girl, and is a member of the Union Reformed Church of New York City, of which Dr. Hodson, a guest at the luncheon, is pastor.

The words of welcome addressed to Sir Johnston by clergy selected by Dr. Walter Laidlaw from ten religious communions were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the best examples of after-dinner speaking ever heard in New York. All of them, from Rabbi Wise, who opened, to Dr. Percy S. Grant, who closed, were conscious that they were doing a new but needed thing. They were all men who know that "play" is as much inwritten in human nature as "pray." They all, therefore, accepted the theater as a minister to pure imagination and emotion, and had gathered to do honor to Sir Johnston because they felt that the theater cannot be removed from modern life, but can be improved, and is destined to be a feature even of the millennial life of man.

COLONEL GOETHALS, HEAD OF POLICE OR CANAL

On Saturday of last week there was published a letter from Colonel Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal, to Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, stating the conditions under which he would be willing to accept the appointment from the Mayor as Police Commissioner. This piece of news concerns not merely the city of New York, which needs at the head of its Police Department a man of the highest character, great executive ability, courage, experience in handling large bodies of men, and inexorable standards of military discipline, but it also concerns the Nation, which needs for the Governorship of the Canal Zone a man of like characteristics. To few men has ever come such a tribute as that which is implied in the almost universal feeling that Colonel Goethals is supremely well qualified for both of these difficult positions.

It has now become known that Colonel Goethals has been for many weeks Mayor Mitchel's first choice for the Police Commissionership. After his election the Mayor made a visit to the Panama Canal Zone. It now appears that the trip was taken in search of a man to fill the most important post which the Mayor had at his disposal. Colonel Goethals then took the Mayor's proposal under consideration. Recently, at the request of the Mayor, Mr. George W. Perkins went to the Canal Zone for the purpose of doing what he could to enable Colonel Goethals to reach a favorable decision. The result was that Mr. Perkins brought back the letter published last week.

It is the letter of a man whose mind is occupied with his obligations and opportunities as a public servant. The reasons he gives for not at once accepting relate, on the one hand, to the opportunity for service in the Canal Zone, and, on the other hand, to the limitations in the chance for real service under present circumstances in the New York Police Department. It has been his hope and desire to see the Canal in satisfactory operation, and this he hopes to see accomplished by the end of the year. In the second place, he will not contemplate resigning from the army, and therefore could consider accepting the Police Commissionership only upon condition that he is placed on the retired list by the President. Even, however, if these obstacles should be removed, he makes it plain that he could not accept unless a change was made in the police law of New York. We quote from his letter this important passage which points out the defect that should be remedied:

> In public work of any kind efficiency can be secured only when the service of those engaged in it is satisfactory to superiors; and while I fully believe in the right of every man to have a hearing, the decision of the superior as to the character of the man's service should be final. In cases where a man whose services have not been satisfactory can be reinstated by a court of review, the effect on discipline and efficiency is most injurious. It undermines authority, leads to insubordination, tends to destroy the loyal co-operation which the executive authority must have to secure results, and makes his tenure of office impossible.

We wish here to record our gratification at the fact that this need for reform in police methods, which we shall discuss later, has been brought to public attention by such an authority.

The publication of this letter has apparently put an end to all talk of a three-headed Canal government, for reports indicate that Washington has been stirred to retain Colonel Goethals as head of the Canal Zone.

WASEDA UNIVERSITY, JAPAN

One of the most interesting recent events in the educational field in Japan was the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of Waseda University, one of the most important of the privately endowed institutions in that country.

The two most vigorous independent universities in Japan are Waseda and Keio; the first founded by Count Okuma, the distinguished statesman and publicist, to whom The Outlook has referred many times as one of the most interesting personalities in the Far East. The second was founded by Mr. Fukuzawa, one of the leaders of the period of reorganization in Japan. Mr. Fukuzawa was a man of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great independence of character; a progressive but not a radical, who "greatly dared" in face of very rigid traditions. He was in a special sense the leader of young men, translating a number of books, like Smiles's "Self-Help," and finally founding Keio, which, like Waseda, is dedicated to freedom of teaching and liberal education. The fight of both these universities, free from State control, to secure standing and independence, was not an easy one at any time when all education was under official direction and it was generally felt that any other course would imperil the safety of the State.

Count Okuma, while a loyal supporter of Japanese institutions, has always been a democrat in his belief in freedom of opportunity and of thought. He regarded official education in Japan as too restricted and conventional. He thought the methods too rigid and the ideal of patriotism too narrow. He founded Waseda University in order to open a wider door to the aspiring youth of Japan.

The institution, wisely managed, gradually gained confidence. On its twentieth anniversary Prince Ito made the address of congratulation; but a greater triumph came when the Emperor himself visited the institution, and by his presence recognized its standing among higher institutions of learning in Japan. When its doors were opened in 1882 it had eighty students and seven professors. To-day its faculty numbers a hundred and eighty, and its students number several thousand. Beginning with two departments of Politics and Law, it has since added Economics, Commerce, Science, Engineering, and Literature. It has also preparatory schools, and provides special courses in Chinese. More than ten thousand men have graduated since its founding, and many of these are now holding prominent positions in every department of activity.

The President of the University, Dr. Takata, is a man of distinguished ability; and the institution has been fortunate in commanding the services of a number of able men in its faculty.

Count Okuma, who is now seventy-six years old, was naturally the hero of the thirtieth anniversary, when he stood among the throng of ten thousand students and graduates of the institution, with delegates from other colleges and distinguished men from all parts of Japan. The institution is the realization of a very noble hope, and is rendering a great service to Japan and the Far East.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE TRADE COMMISSION

There seems to be a fair chance that the Nation is about to adopt a necessary and long-demanded measure for the practical solution of the trust problem. If President Wilson maintains upon Congress the grasp that he has kept throughout the past ten months, and if he holds to his present mind, Congress will establish a Federal Trade Commission.

The other recommendations which the President has made regarding trusts are secondary to that in which he urges the creation of this Commission with regulative power over great combinations. As this recommendation appears in the course of his Message, it *seems* incidental; in *fact*, it is fundamental. His other recommendations suggest certain regulations; this recommendation suggests the creation of the power that is to do the regulating. As the law which established the Inter-State Commerce Commission was more important in the history of Federal control of the railways than any one of the Commission's rulings, so the law which will establish a Federal Trade or Trust Commission will be more fundamental in the history of Federal control of trusts than any regulation it may issue or enforce.

All who believe in the National control of big business should welcome this recommendation of the President. And they should welcome it none the less because it comes from the political leader who in the course of his successful campaign for election appealed for votes on the ground that he opposed such a suggestion. It was Mr. Wilson who as candidate denounced the idea of a Federal Trade Commission as a concession to monopoly. It is now Mr. Wilson who as President sees in the idea of a Federal Trade Commission the opportunity to maintain Governmental protection to legitimate and efficient business, and at the same time to offer effective resistance to the evils of monopoly. It was Mr. Wilson who as candidate attacked the very policy of commissions in government, and gave his opinion of experts on such commissions by quoting, to the relish of his audience, the saying, "Liars, damned liars, and experts." It is now Mr. Wilson who as President applies the commission idea first to the reform of the currency and then to the control of the trusts. This inconsistency, while it may do some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing to discredit the future campaign utterances of candidates for office, will, we believe, in the end prove of public benefit, for it is better to be inconsistent and right than consistent and wrong. That the President should have come to this conclusion when once he put his mind to the problem does not surprise us, for it is the conclusion to which men who have thought long on the subject have been steadily coming. It is therefore praiseworthy, we think, that President Wilson should have put thoughts of self-contradiction one side, should boldly abandon the course he once followed, and should take the course he once thought wrong but now sees to be right.

That it is the right course there is no longer room to doubt. As The Outlook has repeatedly said, the effort to regulate great business combinations merely by lawsuit has been amply proved futile. No one would dream of proposing to abandon the Inter-State Commerce Commission and go back to the old way of depending for National control of railways upon proceedings in suits at law. So, when once an efficient Trade Commission is established, no one will dream of going back to the present method of depending upon court action for the regulation of trusts.

It is true that the Commission which the President suggests is one with very limited powers; it is true, also, that its duties, as he sees them, will be largely in connection with dissolution proceedings; but even in this limited form the Commission should be welcomed. We quote from the President's address as follows:

> And the business men of the country desire something more than that the menace of legal process in these matters be made explicit and intelligible. They desire the advice, the definite guidance and information, which can be supplied by an administrative body, an inter-State Trade Commission.
>
> The opinion of the country would instantly approve of such a Commission. It would not wish to see it empowered to make terms with monopoly or in any sort to assume control of business, as if the Government made itself responsible. It demands such a Commission only as an indispensable instrument of information and publicity, as a clearing-house for the facts by which both the public mind and the managers of great business undertakings should be guided, and as an instrumentality for doing justice to business where the processes of the courts or the natural forces of correction outside the courts are inadequate to adjust the remedy to the wrong in a way that will meet all the equities and circumstances of the case.
>
> Producing industries, for example, which have passed the point up to which combination may be consistent with the public interest and the freedom of trade cannot always be dissected into their component units as readily as railroad companies or similar organizations can be. Their dissolution by ordinary legal process may oftentimes involve financial consequences likely to overwhelm the security market and bring upon it breakdown and confusion. There ought to be an administrative Commission capable of directing and shaping such corrective processes, not only in aid of the courts, but also by independent suggestion, if necessary.

Although in this statement the President suggests that one of the duties of this Commission will be to give business men "definite guidance and information" so that they may comply with the law, he places emphasis upon the duty of aiding the courts in breaking up combinations. The bill which has been introduced into Congress lays like emphasis upon dissolution and prevention of combination. This is perhaps inevitable. The American people have a way of trying almost every wrong method and proving it wrong before they adopt the right one. So, having tried letting trusts grow unregulated, then giving to the courts the duty of regulation for which the courts are not fitted, they have finally decided, apparently, to intrust this regulation to the only kind of body which is fitted for the duty—an administrative body. They have perhaps yet to learn, however, that regulation is not the same as dissolution. When by experience they learn the value of the administrative Commission in regulating trusts, and at the same time learn the futility of regulation by dissolution, they will be prepared to enlarge the Federal Trade Commission's powers, much as they have enlarged the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, so that it shall become for the control of trusts what the Inter-State Commerce Commission is for the control of railways.

We here repeat in substance what we have said before specifically in The Outlook for the 16th of December, 1911:

Such a Federal administrative Commission should have power (1) to order and supervise the reformation of those corporations which the courts have convicted of evil practices; (2) to accept the voluntary submission of corporations to the supervision by the Government of their form of organization and methods of doing business; (3) to summon, either on complaint or on its own initiative, any corporation to show cause why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it should not be put under that Commission's supervision.

The regulation of trusts means not only restraint and punishment, but also the conservation of what is good and beneficial in great business organization. The great value of such a Trade Commission as President Wilson recommends is that, whereas a court may restrain and punish, a commission may conserve and construct.

THE PANAMA CANAL: A FULFILLMENT AND A PROMISE

The Panama Canal is practically finished. Within the next few months the organization that has accomplished this vast project will be in part merged into the new government of the Zone and in still greater part scattered to the four winds. Already the preliminary steps have been taken. In increasing numbers the workers are turning their faces towards the States. Within the last week the Atlantic division of the construction force—the executive entity responsible for the design and construction of the locks and dam at Gatun—has been disbanded and the men remaining placed under the control of the Chief Engineer.

The Panama Canal has been more than a huge industrial undertaking. It has been like a prolonged college course for the American Nation. It has been the expression—perhaps we may say it has played an important part in the creation—of our present complex National character. The Panama Canal has called into being a spirit, a habit of social effectiveness, an impetus toward practical idealism, that it would be difficult to overvalue.

Are we to regard this achievement merely as a record to look back upon with pride, or as the beginning of a larger National consciousness? We have spoken of the Panama Canal as a college course. Are the opening exercises to be a "commencement" or a "graduation"?

The Outlook has already expressed a wish that the men and material now on the Isthmus might be set at work unlocking the resources of Alaska. There are other fields, however, where the riches of brain and steel gathered there might be applied to even greater advantage. With the Mississippi as a basis, there might quite conceivably be constructed a broad deep-water highway for commerce reaching from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Duluth, "Queen City of the Unsalted Seas," might then soon learn to consider the Panama Canal itself as a bit of harbor improvement she had long desired!

We know that we have on the Isthmus machines and men adequate for almost any task we as a Nation may set them. Shall we permit the social impetus acquired in the construction of the Panama Canal to be dissipated in a hundred petty channels? The time for action is now short. To-morrow it will be gone.

BISHOP GREER

Bishop Greer has completed ten years of service as Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York, following Bishop Potter, a man who was not only a leader in the Church but a leader in the civic life of the city. A friend of The Outlook who is a clergyman in Bishop Greer's diocese characterizes Bishop Greer's character and work as follows:

"When Bishop Potter presented the then rector of St. Bartholomew's to the Diocesan Convention of 1903 as Bishop Coadjutor elect, it was in these words, 'Here stands a man to whom nothing human is foreign,' and as a reader of men Bishop Potter was without a peer. In David Hummell Greer the ecclesiastic has never overshadowed the man. He accepted the call to the rectorship of St. Bartholomew's Church only on condition that the parish would make it possible for him to minister to the social needs of the poor on a large scale. The great parish house in East Forty-second Street is a permanent witness to Bishop Greer's sagacity and social sympathy. He was a pioneer in institutional work. After long and patient study of the conditions of that section of the East Side he devised an institution which ministers to the artisan without impairing his self-respect. Both as rector and bishop he has acted on the belief that the Church has not only a message to the rich but a mission to the poor. Into his preaching as well as in his administration of the diocese there has crept the wooing human note. It is no mean praise to say that, after ten years' absorbing, and often overwhelming, problems inseparable from 'the care of all the churches,' nothing human is still foreign to the Bishop."

Bishop Greer is essentially a man of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time so far as comprehension and sympathy are concerned. He understands his time; for he not only hears the voices which come up from the great mass of life around him, but he takes time to study the most significant and illuminating expressions of modern thought. He is always ready to interrupt any task which can be interrupted in order to discuss the work of Bergson and Eucken. A study of his Convention addresses for the past ten years would furnish a mirror for the prevailing thought and history of the time. Not that Bishop Greer follows the lead of his age in all things, but that he speaks for it and to it. He would probably be characterized as a Broad Churchman, but he is never in any sense a party Churchman. He recognizes the great fact which so many people fail to recognize, that God fulfills himself in many ways. Bishop Greer is more eager to learn than to condemn. He is not alarmed, as some religious people are, about the safety of religion. He is anxious that, so far as he is concerned, it should be interpreted in terms of divine sympathy and helpfulness. Bishop Greer is, in other words, a true Catholic. A loyal believer in the doctrine and discipline of the Episcopal Church, he is also a loyal believer in the larger unity of the spirit.

At the opening service of the General Convention at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City the presence of representative ministers of other churches was an expression of Bishop Greer's broad human sympathies and of his conception of the Universal Church, not as the Church of a parish, but of a great community; and he is always quick to co-operate with all who seek the religious and social welfare of the people. He regards the group of buildings on Cathedral Heights as symbolical of the mission of the Church, the Cathedral itself standing for the preaching of righteousness; the Choir School, for the indissoluble union of education and art with religion; the Synod Hall, for the great duty laid on the Church of interpreting all civic and social problems in the light of the teaching of the Master.

A man of rare personal charm, a preacher of great vigor and dramatic ability, with the gift of vision and a keen sense of reality, broad in his outlook and wise in his administration, Bishop Greer has immensely advanced, not only the interest of his Church, but the influence of religion in Greater New York, and has interpreted the character and function of a religious leader.

THE PROBLEM OF RURAL CREDIT

It is a matter of common knowledge that our American farmers are often, if not generally, forced to pay excessive interest for whatever money they find necessary to borrow. The average for the entire country, it has been stated, is close to eight per cent. Compared with the interest paid by industrial concerns for similar accommodation, this rate is of course exorbitant. In Germany the rate which farmers pay for money is not infrequently smaller than that paid by manufacturing enterprises. This may certainly be taken to show that there is no inherent obstacle to securing for our farmers a similar advantageous position in the world of business.

During the last few years the agitation for an agricultural credit suited to the needs of this country has grown by leaps and bounds. It has come to be recognized as a question of vital importance, not only to the farming class, but to the country at large. It has been suspected, we think with reason, that the commercial disability under which our rural population has suffered has had no little share in contributing to the present high cost of living.

Many plans have been put forward in attempted solution of this problem, some of them after a close study of European methods. Myron T. Herrick, Ambassador to France, did excellent work in the study of conditions on the Continent and in familiarizing American farmers and bankers with the various methods that have been tried out as aids to the agriculturist of Europe. Governor Glynn, in a recent message to the New York Legislature, recommends that immediate steps be taken to encourage the formation of rural credit associations under the Co-operative Corporation Act passed in 1912. President Taft, it will be remembered, advised the several States, through the Governors, to work out a uniform system of farm credit based upon the methods which have been so successful in Germany.

A friend of The Outlook, Mr. Joseph Welwood Roper, of East Orange, New Jersey, has suggested to us a plan, related more closely to the French system than to the German, which may be of interest to our readers. In the study of so complex a problem it is important that ample opportunity for discussion should be granted to the proponents of any system which may contain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elements of value. Mr. Roper believes that each individual State should issue farm mortgage bonds similar to those now based upon railway property. The money produced by the sale of these bonds would be devoted solely to loans upon farm property. They could be sold as other municipal bonds are sold, and, he thinks, in a manner more advantageous to the investor than the ordinary bond, because they would be based upon property of actual productive value. Indirectly, they would also be of benefit to the investor, in that the money they made available to the farmer would be used in increasing the productivity of our farms, and therefore in reducing the high cost of living. The interest on good National or State bonds is about four per cent. This farm bond would pay no more, thereby giving the agriculturist cheaper money than is at present available, both for the development and purchase of his farm. The conditions under which our farmers could obtain this money would of course be under the strict regulation of the State. Mr. Roper believes that the basis on which a farmer could borrow from this fund should be 60 per cent of the market value of approved unencumbered property. This is a higher rate of loan than has been found feasible in France. There the loan is limited to 40 per cent, and upon orchards, plantations, and vineyards to 33⅓ per cent. Mr. Roper proposes that this farm mortgage bond be sold at par and accrued interest at four per cent, the farmer not paying more than six per cent, and the difference between the four per cent interest and the six per cent charged the farmer should be set aside as a sinking fund at compound interest to liquidate the mortgage. By this method the interest would be less than the farmer is now paying and the sinking fund would in fifty years have canceled the mortgage on the farm property. This last suggestion is in accordance with the best European practice. There money is loaned on farm property, not to be paid at the expiration of a brief term of years, but for long periods, such as Mr. Roper proposes. Mr. Roper concludes that such a farm mortgage bond "would insure our farm homes, increase our farm products, decrease the cost of the necessities of life, increase and insure the savings of our people, and make of the Nation a great home for home-seekers."

Interesting as is Mr. Roper's plan, we have a decided preference for the German or Raffeisen system of little co-operative land societies. One objection to Mr. Roper's plan has been pointed out by another correspondent of The Outlook. He likewise has given us a graphic description of the working of the German system. This writer believes that the proposition to loan money direct to farmers on mortgages or bonds is a mistake quite likely to do more harm than good. Whenever, he says, we give our farmers to understand that the Government is to take direct care of them, we break down the very thing they need to build up their business. What they need most is the ability to get together with mutual confidence, so that they may see the wisdom of putting up their money and property in co-operative operations. If money is raised in each individual neighborhood, every farmer will be interested in having it wisely spent. The German system he briefly outlines as follows: A dozen neighbors get together and form a loan association. They put up their security in a lump—their land and personal property, if need be. Then they go to a banker and borrow money on their property. Bonds are issued against this property, which is amply secured by the general mortgage. The banker or other creditor may sell these bonds or have them sold for the association. Then the association loans the money obtained in this way to those needy farmers who are obliged to borrow. The principle is much the same as that of a building and loan association. It is possible Mr. Roper's plan might be worked in conjunction with such a system as this, as a double guarantee of the value and standing of the bonds issued by these loan associations.

THE MICHIGAN COPPER STRIKE

On another page we print an account of the conditions in the Lake Superior copper-mining district. When thousands of miners incur grave risk to themselves and their families in hope of gaining what they regard as their rights, our readers are entitled to know the reasons that actuated those men. This is why we print the report from an observer who is interested in what such a strike means, not in terms of dividends on copper stock, but in terms of human life.

The mine-owners will not agree with this statement of the case. We hope they will see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in it an evident purpose to be fair; but we cannot hope that they will accept it as an adequate statement of the whole case. In such a conflict as this animosities are aroused to such an extent that what one side regards as a fair statement of the case the other side will regard as at best partial. This is particularly true in a case like that of the copper strike, where the question at the bottom of the conflict is whether labor has or has not a right to organize. The representatives of the mine owners declare that working conditions in the Lake copper country are as pleasant and healthful as those of any mining districts in the world; that the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company has done as much for the health and general welfare of its employees as any other mining, industrial, or transportation company in the world; that the demand of the men for the recognition of the union is supported by barely one-fifth of the mine employees; that organized labor in general constitutes a small minority of the total labor of the country; that in this case the labor organization for whose recognition demand is made is one that is notorious for physical violence, lawlessness, and even murder; that the labor movement is a money-making scheme, and labor leaders are self-seekers; that the presentations of the miners' case in the press are the work of muckrakers and yellow journalists, whose prosperity is enhanced by labor troubles; and that the United States Government, whose arbitration of the matter would be welcomed by the miners, is prejudiced in favor of labor unionists and against the owners of property.

Between the point of view here expressed and the point of view of those who believe, not only that labor has a right to organize, but that organization of labor is in the interests of the public, and who hold that in a democratic country a feudalistic industrial system cannot long endure, there is such a wide difference that it is perhaps too much to expect any one who has the one point of view to state a specific case in a way that will be satisfactory to one who holds the other.

With the frank recognition of the conflicting character of these two points of view, The Outlook here wishes to record its conviction concerning four points:

1. Refusal to recognize a specific union may be not only the right of an employer but a duty. If the employer has reason to believe that the union which demands recognition is a lawless, criminal organization, he is not only under no obligation to recognize it, but he is under moral obligation either to assure himself that it is not criminal or to refuse to have any dealings with it. No one has a right to demand that an employer deal with a criminal organization, any more than to demand that a man have dealings with a blackmailing body like the Mafia, or Camorra, or Black Hand. More than that, if the labor organization that demands recognition is purely a war body, formed on the theory that employer and employee are irreconcilable foes, the one losing what the other gains, and devoted to the injury of the interests of the employer, then the employer is justified in refusing to treat with that organization and will be wise if he refuses to treat with it except for the purposes of temporary truce. We do not say that the Western Federation of Miners is a criminal organization, nor even that it is devoted to the injury of the interests of the employer; but if the mine-owners have reason to believe this (and the earlier history of the Western Federation is such as to give some ground for this belief), the mine-owners cannot be blamed for refusing to recognize it. It is no excuse on behalf of the Western Federation of Miners to say that its record in its conflicts in Colorado is no more criminal than the record of its capitalistic opponents. Two wrongs do not make a right.

2. With the refusal, however, of the employer to treat with what he regards as a criminal or bellicose body his duty to his employees does not end. If employers have a right to organize and act together, employees have a right to organize and act together. The employer who refuses to recognize a particular union on moral grounds is by his refusal bound to co-operate with his employees in securing a proper organization. He cannot decline to negotiate with a lawless or inimical union without being under obligation to do all in his power to promote among his employees a proper and lawful organization through which they can freely negotiate and bargain with him.

3. Much as we approve welfare work undertaken by corporations on behalf of their employees, heartily as we recognize the benefit which wage-earners have received from the humane interest and effort of corporation managers in improving social conditions under which their employees have to work and live, we cannot recognize such welfare work, or even such interest and effort, as a substitute for justice in the relations between employer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and employee. If wages are inadequate and hours of labor are too long, if the liberty of the employee is unjustly restricted, if practicable safeguards against peril to life and limb are lacking, if the demands upon the workers are onerous, it is no answer to point to model cottages, libraries, baths, and so on, except as *prima facie* evidence that those who furnish these things would not willingly be unjust.

4. When one side is willing to submit its case to an impartial tribunal and the other side refuses, the presumption is that the side which refuses is afraid. We are not prepared to pass judgment on the issues in this specific case, but if it is true, as we believe it is true, that the wage-earners have been willing to submit their case to arbitration by the authorities of the Federal Government, and the mine-owners have declined to do so, the burden of proof rests upon the mine-owners. If the side that refuses does so on the ground that the tribunal is not impartial, its refusal is not convincing until it proposes a tribunal that will be recognized as impartial.

Such conditions as exist in the copper country of northern Michigan will cease to be characteristic when the feudalistic spirit is displaced by the democratic spirit, and war between capital and labor is displaced by co-operation.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

A young man, with a wife and two boys, has been accustomed to play whist for small stakes. He does not think it wrong, but has given it up because of his wife's feelings and on account of its possible influence on his boys. Consequently his old friends with whom he used to play have given him up. What is his duty and what his wife's duty under these circumstances?

INQUIRER.

I recognize the difficulty of the situation which you describe, and the difficulty in which a wife so situated is placed, but from my point of view I can see but one answer to the fundamental question involved.

All gambling seems to me wrong because it involves a desire to get something for nothing. Personally I am inclined to think that the gambling habit in America is more injurious to the Nation now than the drinking habit. It pervades all branches of society and almost all businesses. Between gambling for insignificant stakes in a parlor game and gambling for hundreds on the race-track or thousands on the Stock Exchange there is a great difference, but there is no point in the development of this gambling where a line can be sharply drawn.

Entertaining this view, I should never play a game in which any stakes were involved. I should wish my children to know that I was opposed absolutely and entirely to the whole system of gambling, big and little. I should be very sorry if this opposition separated me from my friends. I should certainly try to maintain my principle without appearing to sit in judgment upon those who differed from me, nor can I conceive of any reason why my refusal to play for stakes at whist should interfere with my playing at golf with the same persons. But if they chose to make it so I should accept the separation with such cheerfulness as I could command. It is not agreeable to be peculiar, but I would rather be peculiar and satisfy my own conscience than dissatisfy my own conscience in order to avoid being peculiar.

This is my point of view as a husband. Now, on the other hand, if I were a wife I would not attempt to impose my point of view on my husband. If he thought it right to play for small stakes, I would not conceal from him my own judgment, but neither would I ask him to accept my judgment and make it his own. He must be governed by his own conscience, not by mine. "Conscience for thyself, not for another," seems to me to be a fundamental principle of righteous and harmonious living. The most that a wife should do under the circumstances described would be to set her wits to work to discover other social companions and other social recreations to take the place of those from which her husband had debarred himself out of respect to her conscience. Whether she could do anything of this kind, and if so, what she could do, would depend partly upon her circumstances, partly upon her temperament.

I noticed in your article an allusion to the fact that the system of tithing was especially adapted to the Israelitish social conditions and we should not resort to that ancient custom. I would greatly appreciate it if you will give me some explanation as to why the tithing system was more adapted to the social conditions of long ago than it is to our social conditions.

D. W. S.

The principal provisions on the subject of tithes in the Old Testament are to be found in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leviticus xxvii. 30–31; Numbers xviii. 8–32; Deuteronomy xii. 5–19; xiv. 22–29. "From a comparison of these prophecies we gather that tithes of all produce, including flocks and cattle, were to be given to the Levite; but of this tithe or tenth, one tenth was to be given by the Levite to the priests; that the second tithe was to be bestowed in religious feasts and charity at the holy place, that is at the Tabernacle or the Temple; and that for three years this second tithe (probably not a third tithe, as some have supposed) was to be bestowed at home." This quotation from a previous writing of my own sufficiently indicates why the tithe system is wholly inapplicable to an age and a country which has no state church, and the income of whose citizens is very largely derived from other sources than agricultural produce, including flocks and cattle. The principle of systematic and orderly giving remains. The method is wholly inapplicable to the present age and present conditions.

1. Should all prayer be made direct to God, the Father?
2. Should prayer be made in the name of Christ, the Son, as our Saviour? What about the prayer of the thief on the cross?

Prayer is communion with the Father. It seems to me to be the essence of Christ's teaching that the form of the prayer is unimportant. We go to him as children go to a father, unbound by any rules of expression. The significance of the ordinary phrase "in the name" or "for the sake of Christ" is that it implies a spirit of consecration to Christ's work and a desire for the answer to prayer in order that one may live Christ's life and carry on Christ's work more effectively. The phrase is valuable only as it is an indication of this spirit.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE TRUSTS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

LAST week President Wilson, in a Message to Congress, touched upon the subjects of interlocking directorates, railway securities, the Anti-Trust Law amendment, a Trade Commission, the individual responsibility of corporation directors, holding companies, and the right of individuals to use certain evidence in suits for redress against monopolies.

INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES

Let us take the first proposition—that of interlocking directorates. The President wants legislation which "will effectually prohibit and prevent such interlockings of the personnel of the directorates of great corporations—banks and railways, industrial, commercial, and public service bodies—as in effect result in making those who borrow and those who lend practically one and the same, those who sell and those who buy but the same persons trading with one another under different names and in different combinations, and those who affect to compete in fact partners and masters of some whole field of business."

Very well, remarks the New York "Tribune" (Rep.), but "whether a law forbidding interlocking directorates should be passed depends upon what the law is in detail and how long a time is allowed for corporations to adjust their affairs in conformity to it." In the same spirit the New York "Sun" says:

> The notion vaguely indicated by the President would turn business topsy-turvy, unless, indeed, it resulted, as seems highly probable, in the nominal election of representatives of real or super-directors entitled by ownership and commanding ability to shape the policy of the concerns in question.

But the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.) points out the none the less indisputable fact that the unwisdom of interlocking directorates has been recognized by our biggest bankers—by the men who have been more "interlocked" than any others; to which the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" (Ind.) adds that "the prohibition of interlocking directorates, unless too drastic in the details of its operations, is a reform long needed." On the other hand, the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" (Rep.) declares that "we had already recognized the principle of safety involved in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a prohibition of interlocking directorates, provided legislation could make it possible that directors openly representing interlocked corporations were not replaced by others, less adroit and efficient perhaps, but counting no less in the voting of pooled stocks."

RAILWAY SECURITIES

President Wilson's second proposition is for power for the Inter-State Commerce Commission to superintend and regulate the provision of capital for the needs of the railways. This has called forth little adverse comment, the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.) noting its necessity as shown in the New Haven and San Francisco cases. The New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) asserts that the railways will welcome "a law which will confer upon the Inter-State Commerce Commission the power to superintend and regulate the financial operations" by which they are henceforth to be supplied with money for their development. But, says the "Times," the indispensable condition is that this supervision and regulation shall be not political and incompetent, but wise, friendly, and just.

THE ANTI-TRUST LAW

The President's third suggestion is for "a more explicit legislative definition of the existing Anti-Trust Law." Ex-Senator Edmunds, the real author of the Anti-Trust Law, said two years ago of the plan for Congress to define more exactly its provisions: "To whatever extent they change the law they will spoil it. This for the simple reason that it does, in general terms, all that the Constitution permits it to do." The New York "Evening Post" has maintained that a radical or sweeping amendment to the law would tend to weaken its force and confuse its application, saying that "such suggestions as that brought up by Representative Stanley, declaring it to apply to restraint of trade 'in any degree,' would go far towards making its equal enforcement wholly impossible."

A TRADE COMMISSION

Mr. Wilson's fourth proposal is to establish an Inter-State Trade Commission, in its relation to commercial and industrial businesses similar to the Inter-State Commerce Commission in relation to the transportation system.

The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) indicates its sympathy "with the idea of a permanent commission to aid in the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act." It calls attention to the consequent relief to the Department of Justice, whose duties are already onerous and whose personnel and policy are subject to frequent change.

Says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" (Rep.): "The proposal of an Inter-State Trade Commission is one we had qualifiedly approved, and we are glad to see that he [the President] proposes to qualify it about as we did in his saying that the country would 'instantly approve' such a body, but 'would not wish to see it empowered to make terms with monopoly.'"

PERSONAL GUILT

The fifth proposal of the President is to place more direct individual responsibility on the part of corporation directors and officers to the criminal law for misdeeds now charged to the impersonal corporation. While no specific extension of the criminal law is recommended, "personal guilt," affirms the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.), "can never be fairly established until what Mr. Wilson calls the debatable ground about the Anti-Trust Law is conclusively removed."

HOLDING COMPANIES

The President's sixth suggestion not only is that holding companies shall be prohibited but asks tentatively whether "the controlling private ownership of individuals or actually co-operative groups of individuals shall not likewise be prohibited." "Shall we require the owners of stock," he asks, "when their voting power in several companies which ought to be independent of one another would constitute actual control, to make election in which of them they will exercise their right to vote?" The question seems to answer itself, replies the New York "Sun" (Ind.). "There has rarely been a more loosely conceived or more dangerously far-reaching proposal from a serious and intelligent thinker; for it goes directly at the constitutional right of the property-owner to representation in the management of his own invested property."

One may read in this suggestion, says the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.), a reference to the dissolution of the Standard Oil combination, "in which the control of subsidiary properties floated back to the hands of the men who controlled the parent concern. Obviously individual control may be quite as pernicious as corporate control through a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holding company. If one must be put out of the way, why not the other?"

CIVIL SUITS

The President's last suggestion concerns the right of private individuals, alleging injury by corporation processes, to found their civil suits on the facts and judgments proved and entered in suits begun by the Government on its own initiative and won by the Government; with an extension of the statute of limitations in such cases for the benefit of the private suitor. "Without considering the effect of this provision upon the legal fortunes of legitimate claimants," remarks the New York "Sun" (Ind.), "it can readily be imagined how it would be welcomed by the scurvy breed of professional litigants, blackmailers of corporations, and speculative depressors of security values."

THE PROPOSITIONS AS A WHOLE

As to the propositions as a whole, the President's Message fails to persuade the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) "that such legislation is wholly necessary or wise." Another Republican paper, the Philadelphia "Telegraph," says that the legislation is "certainly not urgent under the conditions now existing throughout the country."

On the other hand, Independent Democratic organs, like the New York "Times," for instance, says that "the measures the President urges upon Congress will not alarm business. Though of unequal merit, none of them is disturbing." To say, however, that the President's recommendations are not radical would be absurd, asserts the New York "World" (Dem.) "They are radical. They were intended to be radical. But this radicalism is the radicalism of sanity and justice."

THE SPIRIT OF THE MESSAGE

The Chicago "Tribune" (Prog.) declares that the most significant thing about the President's Message is its spirit. "Even a year ago the President would not have made an important public utterance in this spirit, nor perhaps would the public have been ready to receive it in such a spirit."

The Philadelphia "Telegraph" (Rep.) says that the President wants the business men of the country to assist with suggestions in formulating the new legislation. "This is at least encouraging," says the "Telegraph," "in view of the way in which expert advice was ignored in the preparation and passage of the tariff and banking bills."

On this aspect of the Message the Washington "Times" (Prog.) comments:

For a leader who has come triumphant from so long a string of conquests, President Wilson's spirit in his Message is admirable. He speaks to-day friendly words about the monopolists and conspirators of yesterday.

Another Progressive paper, the New York "Mail," says:

The President has certainly created a new atmosphere. There can be no doubt that thousands of idle workmen throughout the country and millions of idle or profitless dollars are grateful to him for the new confidence he has instilled in business enterprise.

THE PRESIDENT'S LANGUAGE

Says the New York "Sun:" "In his own unsurpassed English President Wilson records the change of atmosphere that means everything at this time to the prosperity of the United States."

THE LONDON PRESS

The London "Daily News" says:

President Wilson's hope that the trust magnates will co-operate in curbing their own power is too optimistic. The instinct for domination is deeply rooted in humanity, and conditions in the United States stimulate to an industrial oligarchy.

Still, whether President Wilson's expectation of assistance be defeated or realized, it is right for him to make clear in advance that his war is against anti-social excrescences upon business, not against the legitimate exercise of individual commercial talent.

The London "Daily Mail" comments:

Nothing could be more opportune or more heartening than this recognition of the facts—that a state of war between the Government and the world of business is unnatural; that the temper of the combatants on both sides has changed and there is little or nothing to prevent their friendly co-operation henceforward.

The spirit in which the President submits his proposals to the judgment of Congress and of the country is certainly not one of enmity toward legitimate business.

The London "Morning Post" says: "The university professor is proving himself a practical politician of the highest caliber."

The London "Daily News" concludes: "President Wilson's is an excellent way of going to work. It is the most comprehensive and most promising scheme that American statesmanship has taken up against monopoly."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EFFICIENCY METHODS IN GOVERNMENT

BY MARTIN H. GLYNN

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

THERE is a great difference between a "business administration" in the cant sense and a businesslike administration. A "business administration," when it means anything, usually means the administration of government in behalf of business—sometimes in behalf of certain special interests. A businesslike administration means the conduct of public business by the same impersonal rules and methods of efficiency that prevail in private business.

I am all for a businesslike administration. I have already said publicly, and I say again, that I would consider it the biggest thing I had done in my term of office if I could help lay the permanent foundation for a really businesslike administration in the State of New York.

We must not be behind the times. A new view of politics is prevailing everywhere. It is the social view. In the past five years the times have moved forward to the point where we are all seeing that the rent-payers and taxpayers of a community are shareholders in a great public enterprise. They are entitled to as nearly as possible a dollar's worth of government service for every dollar they spend. They have the right to demand efficient as well as honest management of their enterprise. Waste defrauds them as much as graft. Extravagance defrauds them as much as theft. They have the right to hold their agents responsible for economy and competence as well as for integrity and high ideals. The day is at hand when no public servant can "get by" on the strength of honesty and good intentions. It is not enough that he shall be good; he must be good for his job. He must give efficient service; and not only that, he must keep the cost of his service within the bounds of standard business economy.

These new demands—for they are demands—arise, I repeat, out of the change that has recently come upon our conception of politics. The last vestiges of the aristocratic or class view of politics are disappearing before the social view which conceives of government as an enterprise erected by the whole people and operated impartially for their benefit.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that the new idea has reduced all government to a matter of business. Government must have a broader view-point, a higher ambition, more altruistic ideals, than any business, however extensive. Competition compels the man engaged in business to think of himself first, and others afterwards; those to whom government is intrusted must place the interests of others before any private consideration.

Business does not ask a man to step from greater compensation to lesser because he happens to be needed in another field. Government frequently demands of able citizens that they relinquish profitable occupations because the public service needs their help. Government must do more than serve the material prosperity of the governed; it is charged with the duty of safeguarding the morals and promoting the intellectual progress of the human family.

Business is one thing and government another, nor should our zeal for governmental efficiency confound them. Government is expected to formulate public policies competently. There is need at present to work them out efficiently. In the newer view, this second or administrative function of government is purely a business concern. As such the expectation is that it shall be regulated by the same system of efficiency and economy that private enterprise applies in all branches of industry and commerce.

The primary task of the people's agents at the present time appears to me to be that of making government square with this new view and these new demands. It is not expected that we shall any longer overlook any loss or leakage that private business would not tolerate. The people have laid it upon us, as perhaps our first duty, to remove the stigma currently put upon the public service, that "private enterprise can always do anything better and cheaper than the Government." We are expected to submit to methods of cost-keeping, accounting, organizing, supervision, purchasing, routing, standardization, etc., such as are approved in the most advanced business system. We are expected to abolish unnecessary jobs, over-

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lapping departments, bureaus, and committees. Many of these exist at present—through no one's fault in particular—in all branches of our government, Federal, State, and municipal. There is no estimating how much might be saved the rent-payers and taxpayers of the United States by this one item of business efficiency. No industrial concern would tolerate such a state of things twenty-four hours before turning in for a drastic reorganization.

I said that it was no one's fault in particular that this wasteful overlapping has grown up, and I want to make it clear that we must not be harsh in our criticism. Judged from our present view-point on politics, every one was to blame for permitting it; but we must remember how new that view-point is. From the view-point held almost universally down to 1908 or thereabouts, no one was particularly to blame. When we say that ours is a representative government, I often wonder whether we are aware of all we mean. Our government—in fact, all government—represents or reflects the failings and peculiar vices of its people as well as their distinctive virtues. As Burke says, "There never was for any long time a corrupt representation of a virtuous people, or a mean, sluggish, careless people that ever had a good government in any form." The prevailing vice of our people was an indifference to economy and disregard of efficiency; and, in spite of all that may be said, I often marvel that our public men have done as well as they have. Political action is only a registration of the people's will. Law, as Emerson says, is only a memorandum. The mode or style of political action is a mere reflex of national habit. Our national habit was the supreme improvidence of a nation that did not see the end of its tether and took it for granted that it had no end; and this habit was faithfully reflected in our modes of doing public business.

In this way, largely at least, grew up the overlapping that we now see to be so wasteful and absurd. For instance, some matter requiring the appointment of a commission would come up for consideration. The commission would be appointed and go to work. Presently another matter appears, closely cognate and perfectly well referable to the same commission. Ten to one nobody would notice, especially if the two had no nominal connection. No one would detect their similarity in substance. The idea of efficiency and economy was not lodged in the background of any one's mind, always prompting one to be on the outlook for such things. So a new commission would be appointed, and instead of one commission working on a full job there would be two commissions working on about half a job apiece. In every State in the Union, as far as I am aware, we continually have two or more bodies—I have been using the word *commission* in a popular, untechnical sense—engaged on practically identical pieces of work, or pieces of work that the trained sense of an efficiency engineer would immediately throw together.

In most places, too—most States and muncipalities—there is the same lack of business efficiency in the management of institutions. Again, the blame can be laid nowhere but to our national habit. One group of institutions grows up, managed (and no doubt well managed) by a commission which supervises, purchases, makes contracts, or what not. Then another group grows up, and another, each in charge of a commission that performs all these functions separately. Wherever the reader lives, let him look over the management of, say, the hospitals and charity organizations of his own city, and see if they are not broken up into separate and independent groups with reference to a number of executive functions that are common to all. This is bad economy. Purchasing, for instance, amounts to about the same thing for most of these groups of institutions. There is no such specialization in purchasing, as far as I can see, that it might not all be done by a single purchasing agency, and the public gain a tremendous economic advantage, precisely the advantage that any trust or syndicate has over the small buyer.

Every department in the public service should have a complete cost system. Keeping costs is the bed-rock of modern business management. A cost system is not the same thing as an accounting system. An accounting system analyzes records; a cost system investigates and analyzes the actual work of a department and reduces every item of it in terms of a standard unit. Thus in public works, for example, in road-building, a cost system would show at a glance the cost of building a square yard of road and also every item of cost that went into it—management so much, labor so much, each kind of material so much, etc. It is only by such a system that the responsible head of a department can tell to a scientific certainty where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to guard against losses, and, even more important, where to experiment with cost reduction. A cost system, for instance, is the only basis of comparison between direct employment and the contract system.

There should also be a scientific system of routing inter-department or inter-bureau business, so that the resources of all departments can be available for each, without any waste of time or energy. Combined with this, there should be a scientific system of inventory, so that all these resources can be immediately known. It often happens that one department does not know what another has. Frequently a department is obliged to go outside for some kind of information or service that it might have almost at its own door. Inefficiency in routing and inventory is mostly responsible for the endless delays and aggravating red tape that Mark Twain satirized in his story of "The Great Beef Contract," and, before him, Charles Dickens in his sketch of the Circumlocution Office, in "Little Dorrit."

Then there should be efficient publicity in all the departments of government. Every one who by virtue of paying rents or taxes has a stake in the government is entitled to know how his enterprise is run and how much it costs to run it. As a rule, he can find out these things if he has time and patience enough, but *efficient* publicity means that he should have this information in the clearest shape, and also available for him when he wants it.

These are a few of the most elementary kind of illustrations, showing something of what is embraced in this new popular demand. But I feel that there is something more to be said. These examples will be seen to relate to the practice rather than the policies of administration. They are examples pointing to efficiency in what we may call the mechanics of government. In New York State we have a Department of Efficiency and Economy, recently organized, whose business it is to deal with such matters, and it is dealing with them exceedingly well. Such a department (I am far from implying that it is closed to suggestion or advice—far from it!) is presumably capable of standardizing the mechanics of administration under the administrative policy established by the department head. It is concerning the policies themselves, for which the heads of departments are alone responsible, that I wish to speak further.

I want a voluntary advisory committee of citizens to come forward and help us make a study of efficiency and economy in these policies. Let us have, say, twenty-five men gathered from all parts of the State, men who have made a life study in one or another of the manifold forms of administrative efficiency, to act without pay as our advisers in the people's behalf, in helping us run our offices on an efficiency basis. Let us have them as experts representing all the broad general divisions of industry and commerce. Let us have a due proportion of theoretical students as well as men of practical affairs. Let them come in and thoroughly overhaul our systems, study their needs, and give us the benefit of their advice in making them more efficient and economical.

In this way, through such a commission as this, I believe we could get the best results and get them quickest. On the part of the commission, too, I believe it would be a congenial service. Frankly, I think it would have an illuminating reaction on the members of such a commission, and, through them, on the people. They would know their public servants better by knowing something of their difficulties and perplexities; for in these matters, as elsewhere, comprehension is more than half-way to sympathy. I venture to say, with all the delicacy possible, that if a volunteer commission should deliberately "go through" our State departments, whatever administrative inefficiency they might find, they would leave with an increased respect for the efforts that the department heads are making against it.

I know these men, and know how hard they work and how much they want to give good service; so I am tempted to say a great deal more on this phase of the subject probably than good taste warrants. But I think I may say a word about the fact—too little appreciated—that work in the public service, if not *sui generis*, at least combines so many diverse features that the average business or professional experience does not train an incumbent to meet more than one or two of them with the confidence of expert knowledge. Years ago our old friend Mr. Dooley commented on this in his inimitable racy way. I hope we are past the point where, as he says, "annywan who iver see salt wather outside iv a pork-barrel is disqualified f'r a job"—in the Navy Department, for instance; still, it is true that public servants do, and inevitably must, find them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves confronted with much work for which they have no specific training, and against which, therefore, they can bring to bear only their general good sense and the net result of their general experience. One may always use one's self for purposes of illustration in cases where such service might prove delicate or disagreeable. I was trained as a lawyer and a newspaper man. I think I know something perhaps about efficiency in the business side of a law office or a newspaper office. But as Governor of New York I find many phases of my official life for which my training has not prepared me. I do the best I can with these, with the best advice I can get; but it would be absurd to claim that I am making them a model of efficiency. Now, if such a commission as I have described, composed of men who have made such matters a life study—men so expert and representing so many different angles of vision that their collective judgment might be called complete—if such a commission should come and camp in the Governor's office, and go over all the lines and courses of my official life, giving me the benefit of free and full consultation, no doubt the people whom I serve would get twice as efficient service as I could give them by any other aid. And what I know to be true of the Governor's office I can think of as conceivably true in all departments of the public service.

I am a believer in collective energy—in team work. No man knows it all. No man can do it all. Putting a man into an official position does not enable him to know it all or do it all. Public business being the most important enterprise there is and the duty of efficiency and economy being so imperative, no degree or amount of expert ability is too high to be commandeered in a friendly way into its service. That is the way I feel about it, and I believe I am speaking for every one of my associates. I believe in putting all the collective wisdom possible in every measure or policy. I do not believe in "Mr. A's measure" or "Mr. B's policy" or "Mr. C's bill." The measures that recently passed our Legislature, notably the Workmen's Compensation Bill and the Direct Primary Bill, were not my bills. They were not anybody's bills; they were not known as anybody's bills. They were the result of long debate of the best experts we could get. And it was actual debate. We gathered twenty-five or thirty men together, representing the best available knowledge both academic and practical, and kept them together in the Executive Chamber day and night, like a jury, holding their noses to the grindstone until they worked out bills which were as nearly as possible a composite of their best opinion. If these bills, now that they have become law, turn out, as we all believe they will, to be the best of the kind in any State of the Union, the credit will be to this method of formulating them.

The volunteer commission in aid of efficiency and economy will be formed as soon as possible. I have taken this opportunity to write about it for the sake of doing what I can to extend its basic idea—the idea of bringing the best ability everywhere into the closest and most helpful relations with the public service.

MY CREED

BY A. L. JOHNSON

Faith that to-day's deep sorrow,
Sore though the heart may be,
Changed shall be on the morrow
As the tide is turned at sea.

Hope that the joy of living
May come to the burdened soul,
And peace of God's own giving
The broken heart make whole.

Love so serene in its beauty
May enter the open door,
And, strengthening the chords of duty,
Dwell there in peace evermore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REASONS WHY THE COPPER MINERS STRUCK

BY INIS WEED

Concerning these effects of anarchy mitigated by feudalism in an American mining region Miss Weed writes after making personal observations. She decided to visit the Michigan strike district when she came upon a half-stunned youth in a Chicago station, with blood streaming down his face, the result of having been knocked down, cut, and beaten by guards escorting immigrant workers to be shipped to the copper country as strike-breakers. These guards had deliberately crossed the street and attacked this boy, whose business it was to hand out cards informing men of the copper strike. She visited the train on which these men were being sent, and private guards forbade admission to the cars containing strike-breakers. No one with humane feeling could go to this strike district under such circumstances without alert sympathy for the strikers. Miss Weed's understanding of what this strike means to thousands of miners and their families is obvious. Equally evident also is her desire to present the matter fairly. Our readers will remember that Miss Weed wrote an article, which was published last summer, on the Binghamton factory fire and its significance. Editorial comment on the Michigan strike will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

FROM the upper peninsula of Michigan there stretches out into Lake Superior a bleak, rocky arm of land, dotted with a string of towns and camps buried in snow from November until May. This is the "copper country." For the miners it is a world of contrast. They leave the white-drifted camps above and slip down the dark shafts, down, down, a mile closer to the earth's fiery center in the oldest mine, to bore and blast for copper, half-clad and dripping in these subterranean chambers.

This vast layer-cake of rock and copper, with all its gambling uncertainties, provides the one industry of this district, which is virtually owned and controlled by three great interests: the Calumet and Hecla and Allied Mines (dividends paid, $123,000,000 to $124,000,000);[1] the Quincy Mines (dividends paid, over $15,000,000);[2] and the Copper Range and Allied Mines (dividends paid, over $10,000,000).[3] The result is that they have also virtually owned and controlled the fourteen thousand mine-workers and their families. This region resembles a feudal country rather than a republic.

The principal stockholders are Eastern men of wealth, many of them with a reputation for benevolence.

"You'll never find another camp like this," say the managers, paternally. They point out the rows of houses the companies have built, the excellent schools, the numbers of churches, the armory, the libraries, the bath-house in Calumet, and the plans for an expensive hospital.

From the workers' side, however, the picture is not so pleasant.[1] The mining companies will not sell the miner surface ground on which to build a permanent home. He must rent a house, or, if he builds, risk building it on company land with a short lease of one to five years. To be sure, land may be bought in certain towns, but the miner points out that it is beyond his means. Thus the future of his very home is largely dependent on the manager's good will. He must worship his God in a church whose existence on a leased site rests, in the last analysis, on the good will of the operators. In Calumet, his baths and his books, his hospital facilities, his militia practice, his sports, and his music smack of the same authority. His children, the coming generation, must get their education in schools leased by the company to the State. The teachers are employed by a board in which the voice of the operator is decisive. Thirty-eight different nationalities have worked under this benevolent paternalism, yet the resentment created by this condition is not peculiar to any one nationality. Just as the youth of each generation reach a

[1] Statement of James McNaughton, Calumet and Hecla manager.
[2] Commercial Club data.
[3] Commercial Club data.

[1] "Survey," p. 135, pars. 83-86.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point at which they no longer want everything done and decided for them, so these workers prefer to manage their lives and receive wages enough to provide their halls, baths, and amusements, instead of being presented with them and having gratitude expected.

The visitor cannot fail to contrast all the revolt that has been created by this situation with the spirit found in the social center built by the Finns in one of these towns, in which they have a daily paper, a hall, a restaurant, and other social provisions.[1] They planned this center and built it. They love it.

The unrest and the protest go deep into the roots of human nature. It has been illustrated in other industries in which the owners have tried this plan and then felt incensed because the workers were not perennially pleased and satisfied with the houses, clubs, and baths that were not their expression of themselves but their employers' expression for them.

Middle-class citizens in this district said to me again and again, "You cannot possibly write a fair account of this strike because you have not seen how happy we are in peaceful times. We do everything for the miners." If that is true, the answer is, of course, they do everything for the miners but give them the one thing for which American citizenship creates a demand—representation.

"But they can vote," was the puzzled reply. True; and, since the introduction of the direct primary, mine inspection is under State control and a compensation law has been secured. But, after all, that law does not greatly alter the conditions under which these men must spend their lives. It only affects the injured, the crippled, and dead men's wives.

This undemocratic condition has for years been creating the spirit of unionism, until to-day this region is strongly union and one of the most consciously Socialistic centers in the United States.

So much for background. The changes asked by the thousands of striking copper miners are: [2]

1. An eight-hour day.
2. An increase in wages.
3. The abolition of the one-man drill.
4. Recognition of the union.

Two subsidiary grievances are:

1. The claim that men are not treated with justice and decency by the petty bosses employed in the mines.
2. That the men have no adequate way of presenting grievances to the various mining managers without incurring the displeasure of the minor bosses and undergoing discrimination and possible discharge for making complaints.

Every appeal was ignored, and the strike, voted for by thousands, broke July 23.

The operators are at last experimenting with the eight-hour day, but they say that they will not increase the wages, that the one-man drill has come to stay, and that they will never recognize the union.

Every student of industrial conditions realizes that men do not subject themselves and those they love to the hardship of a long strike unless there is something radically wrong with conditions of labor; but it is less easy to convince the conservative reader. Prejudice makes him doubt the strikers' word. Custom induces him to accept the word of those in authority. The report of the "Strike Investigation by the Committee of the Copper Country Commercial Club" illustrates this conservative point of view. So definite is their point of view that any statements in that report cannot by any stretch of the imagination be interpreted as proceeding from bias on the miners' side.

In most of the mines the underground workers are below from ten to ten and one-half hours, including time for lunch and the trip down and up.[1] Workers say they are sometimes eleven and twelve hours underground. In addition to these long hours of confinement there is the added fatigue of trying to change one's habits of sleep to the alternate weeks of day shift and night shift. The possible eight-hour concession on the part of the operators may be due to the fact that for some time there has been a shortage of several thousand workers in the copper district. The mining operators explain this condition by saying that there has been a shortage everywhere. The workers smile and say that the shortage followed the closing of an unprofitable mine, and the consequent exodus of employees to work in other parts of the country, whence they wrote back to their parents, their brothers, their cousins, and their friends in this feudal district that out in the world there were jobs to be had under better conditions. Many more who could get away left. So the eight-hour concession may perhaps be interpreted as a realization

[1] "Survey," p. 128, par. 19.
[2] Commercial Club Report, p. 63.

[1] Commercial Club Report, p. 79.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that life must somehow be made more attractive if the copper country is to compete for the best class of labor.

As to the demand for a three-dollar minimum wage, which is fifty cents less per day than that of union copper men in Butte, the strikers point to the steadily increasing cost of living, while the operators point to the numbers of mines that are not yet on a paying basis and say that higher wages would compel them to shut down.

"Can mining speculators get their machinery any cheaper by that argument?" asked a local leader. "Then what right have they got to sweat the risk out of us?"

The six-month average from twenty-eight mines, compiled by the Commercial Club, gives three dollars and twenty cents (net) for miners and two dollars and sixty-three cents (net) for trammers;[1] while many of the pay tickets shown by the miners record earnings of forty dollars and sixty dollars net per month.[2] To arrive at the exact wage situation in each mine is extremely difficult.

One of the sorest points with the miners seems to be the substitution of the one-man drill in place of the two-man drill, a machine for boring into the rock preparatory to blasting. The one-man drill doubles the output, increases the pay, and *also the labor*.[3] The resultant protest of the miners seems not to be against new machinery but against the sweating and greater disregard of life that they claim results. The miners say that only the strongest of men can, year after year, be equal to dragging, lifting, and climbing about with the one-man drill, which weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, and tending it alone. When a man's strength is his capital, they urge that he cannot afford to overdraw on it, even for better wages. It is pointed out by them that, although the managers say any one will help a miner to set up his machine, when each miner is working on a percentage basis naturally he isn't always eager to take an hour or an hour and a half off his work when it is going well to help the other fellow. The miners also maintain that the law requiring such workers to be not more than one hundred and fifty feet apart is not always well observed, and that frequently there is no one by for immediate help when a man is injured in this hazardous occupation. The operators point out that theirs are the lowest-grade copper mines in the world, and that these machines must be used to double the output if these mines are to pay, and say that the new drills are a blessing to both owners and workers, as profits are thereby increased for both. The problem seems to be that of providing a sufficient number of helpers to adjust the machine to the needs of the average man.

The grievances against the petty bosses became intolerable through their driving and favoritism.[1] "The five-dollar boss" is the man with whom the miners come in immediate contact and who shouts, "Hump along there, you!" The individual employees have been helpless. "Of what use to complain against a boss when he can take it out on our backs?" they say. The tradition goes that when James McNaughton took charge of the great Calumet and Hecla mine he said that he would teach people to eat potato parings. The men say that they have been "driven beyond anything human," and maintain that this speeding up results in greater disregard of life. A well-known Italian investigator who visited this district says that so great has been the tyranny of the petty bosses that sometimes it has extended even over the wives and daughters of miners, and this violation of family life is an important factor in explaining the bitterness of the miners' stand. Mr. McNaughton tries to prove the virtue of the Calumet and Hecla's entire record by quoting the number of men who have been in the mines for a lifetime, but no one quotes the number of men who have been brought to the surface crippled, crushed, and lifeless.

To-day the managers have established the "open door" for men with grievances, but "Who dare use it?" the miners ask. "Ever try working under a boss you've told on?" Obviously, also, each man would still be at the pleasure of the managers.

The strike itself was precipitated before the Western Federation wanted it by the burning sense of social injustice growing out of the dismissal of workers who had tried to voice their grievances to those in authority when trammers in one of the mines were being docked twenty-five cents for every car under twenty that they failed to fill.[2] The trammer's work is to fill a car weighing nearly a ton with two and a third tons of rock, then push

[1] Commercial Club Report, p. 73.
[2] "Survey," p. 132, par. 53.
[3] "Survey," p. 133, par. 68.

[1] "Survey," p. 134, pars. 76–79.
[2] Statement of President of Calumet Local, Western Federation of Miners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it on a track to the shaft. It is a mule's work.

The strike broke when the operators refused to pay any attention to the union men's appeal. Years of smarting against wrongs made them determined. They compelled non-union miners to stay out of the mines. There were scenes that resembled a Donnybrook Fair. The Governor rushed twenty-seven hundred militia to the district; but the courts have been unable to convict the strikers of such violence as that with which they were at this time charged.

At once at least two detective and strike-breaking agencies were employed for the work of "preserving the peace" by means of their guards, "gun-men," and scum of the city slums and prisons. One of these strike-breaking agencies issues a prospectus that gives a list of sixty-nine strikes they have broken. Their methods are shown by the records in one of the justice courts. For the first week the strikers arrested and brought in were terribly beaten up on the way to jail. How long will it be before America's citizens wake up to the anarchy that results from permitting great business concerns to police a tense situation with professional guards who are irresponsible and who are under the constant temptation to keep their business good by stirring up trouble?

Again and again these guards have tried to incite the strikers to violence, both by personal affront and by breaking into the wonderful tramp, tramp, tramp, of their sunrise parades. But no lengths of brutality daunted the spirit of these workers, led by "Big Annie," a tall, handsome Croatian woman, who held the flag across her breast and defied her assailants to kill her when they beat her. The guards have shot and killed people both in hot blood and cold blood.[1] There has been violence on both sides, but the perfectly amazing thing is that the miners have been so peaceable as a whole in the face of so much incitement.

Some of the best non-union miners who could get away left the district at once. Little by little, non-union men were guarded back to work in certain mines, but the almost empty wharves on which used to stand a million dollars' worth of copper at a time have for months given mute evidence of the effectiveness of the strike. The managers threw out a network of agents over the country to ship in workers. Under the direction of John Riley the union threw out a corresponding network of men to warn these foreigners of the strike. Some, it is said, on hearing of labor conditions in Calumet, would escape their guards *en route*. Others would leave the mines after a few days and come to the union office, saying, "I not know strike. I not work against union." Others say they left because they did not like working under armed guards. A labor agency in the copper district, as well as the union men, tell stories of foreigners who come into the office with their whole supply of clothing pulled on, layer after layer, having left their suit-cases behind in the camp. Are these stories significant of some of the methods used to get and keep men to break the strike? The Inspector of Labor Agencies in Chicago told me he had to compel the agents for these mines to get out licenses so that he could enforce the law that tries to meet the foreigner's right to know the conditions into which he is being sent.

The struggle to administer justice fairly in this long-drawn-out strike has produced great bitterness. Judge O'Brien, whose father was killed in the mines, has stood for fair play. For this his life has been threatened until it became the part of common sense to employ personal guards. Social ostracism of the bitterest kind has been meted out to the families of lawyers who have taken strikers' cases.

Gradually the strike settled down into an endurance test for recognition of the union. When one understands the helplessness of the individual workers in this district, the necessity of union recognition to secure some balance of power in this wholly unequal situation becomes apparent.

Meanwhile business was bad for the tradespeople. "It's funny," said the hotel clerk, "how quick the business men changed. Before the strike they said, 'If the miners strike, they're not to blame. They're entitled to a square deal.' But when Jim McNaughton said, 'The grass will grow on your streets before I'll ever give in,' they began to change. It's funny."

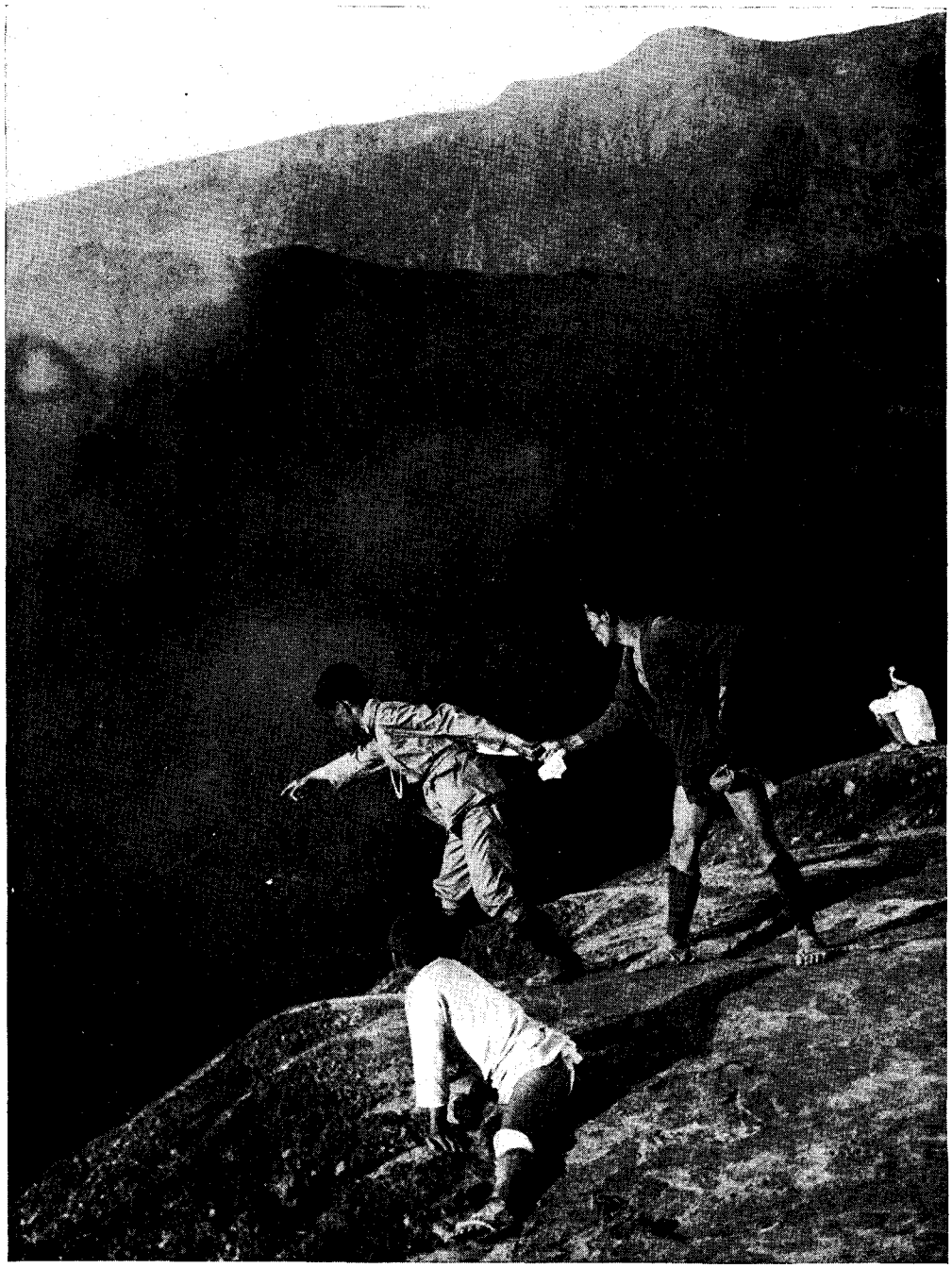
When guards deliberately shot into a Croatian boarding-house, killing two men, wounding two, and powder-scorching a baby in its mother's arms, these citizens held no mass-meeting. But when a non-union house

(Continued on page following illustrations)

[1] Attorney Kerr says that testimony brought out the fact that the killing of Croatians came *after* and not during an altercation provoked by guards who visited the Croatians' house to protest against miners using roads across company property around which a guard line had that day been thrown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Events Pictorially Treated



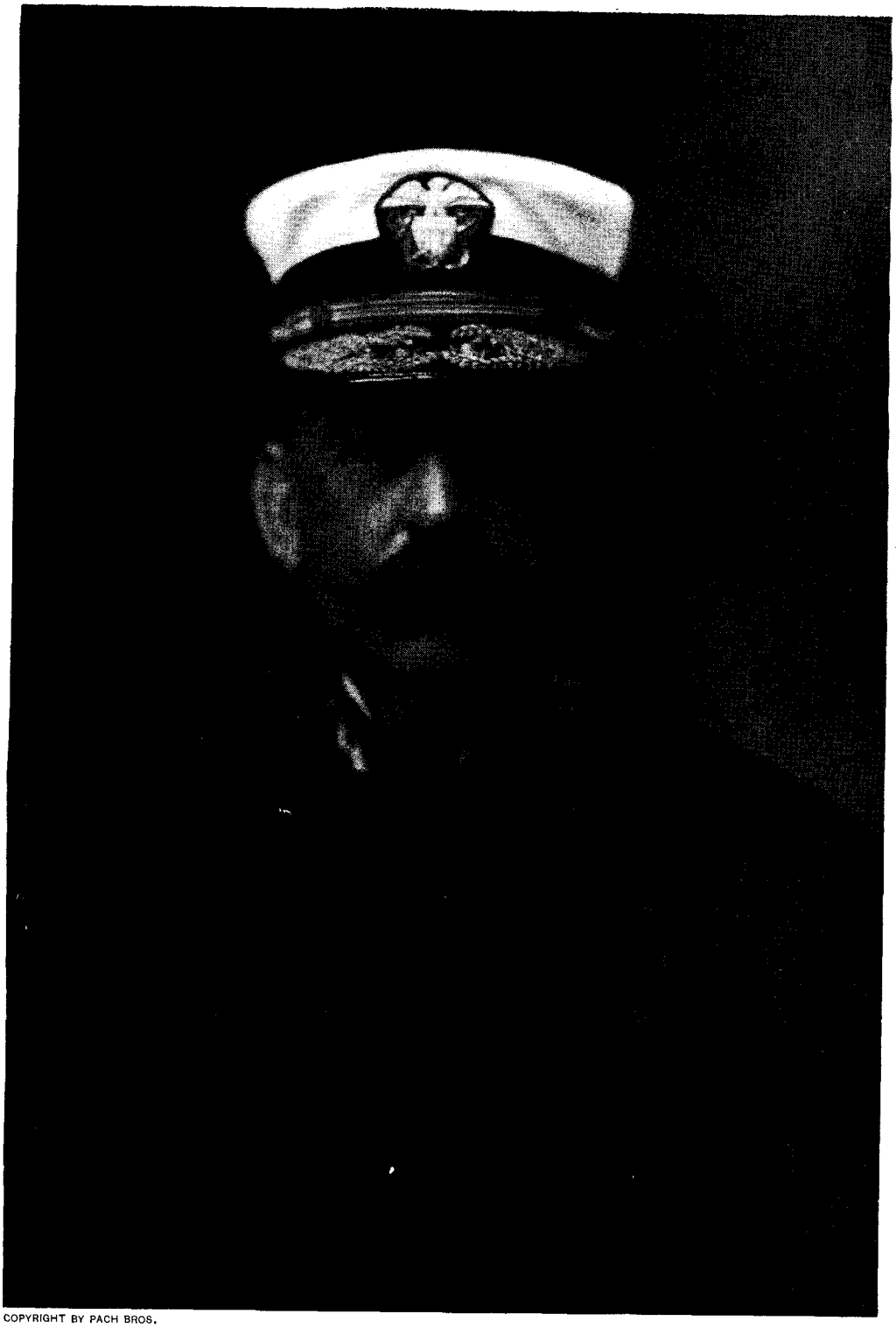
COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN JAPAN

The great calamity in Japan, by which many towns have been overwhelmed and many lives lost, has roused the sympathy of the world. The photograph shows the sulphurous vapors rising from the crater of "Asa-San," one of the largest volcanoes on the island of Kiushu in the region where the recent frightful eruption of Sakurashima took place, and where all the volcanoes have been more or less active

See editorial pages for further statements about the Japanese disaster

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



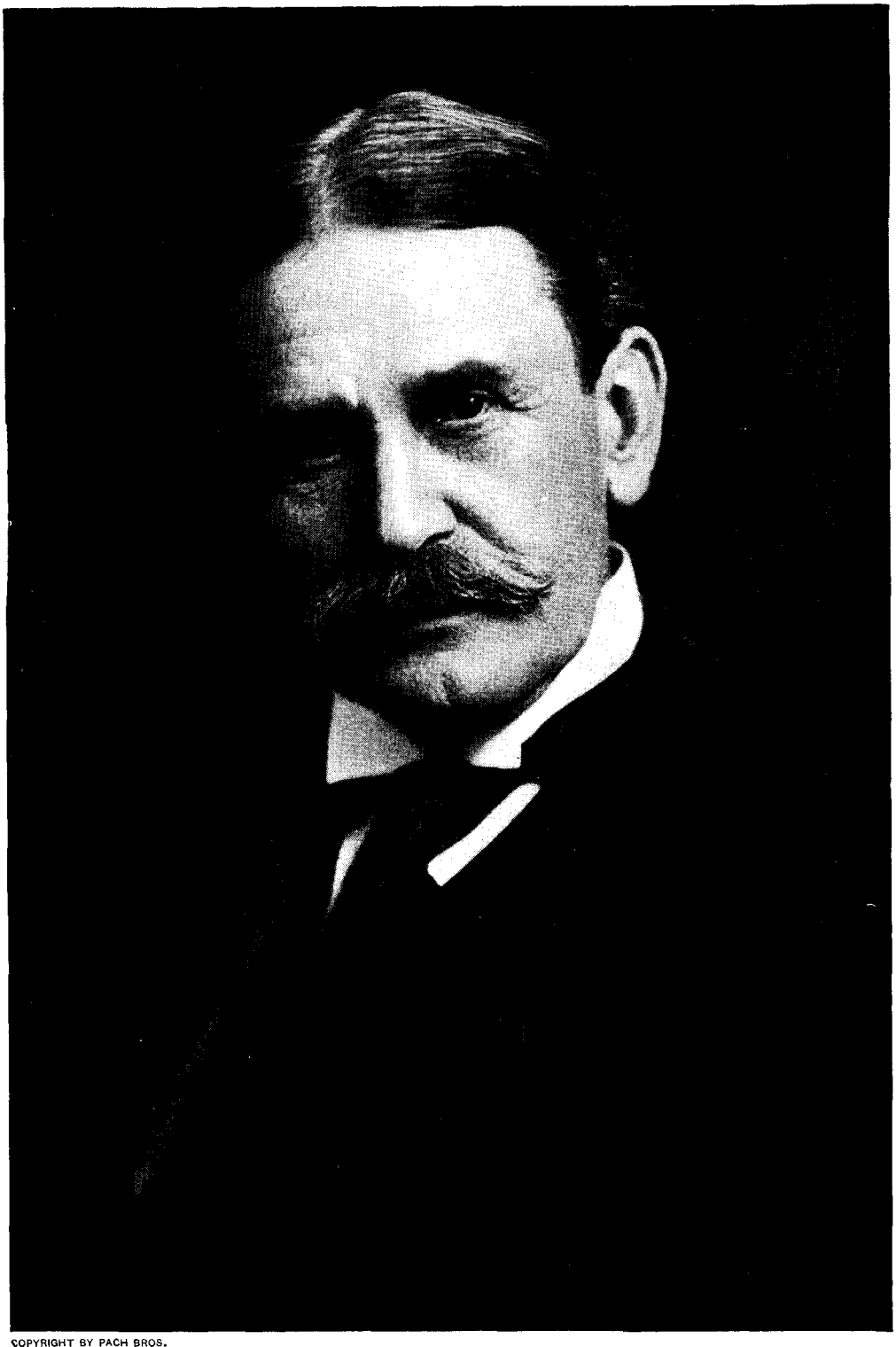
COPYRIGHT BY PACH BROS.

ADMIRAL FLETCHER, COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCE IN MEXICAN WATERS

Frank Friday Fletcher was born in Iowa in 1855; graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1875; was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral in 1911. He is the inventor of the Fletcher breech mechanism and gun mounts

See editorial pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT BY PACH BROS.

BISHOP GREER

David Hummell Greer was born in West Virginia in 1841; graduated from Washington College, Pennsylvania, in 1862; became Coadjutor Bishop in January, 1904, and Bishop in 1908

See editorial pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL PRESS SERVICE

THE REVOLUTIONISTS SHELLING THE FEDERALS AT OJINAGA

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE FEDERALS WATCHING THE REVOLUTIONISTS AT OJINAGA

See editorial pages

THE SCENE OF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL PRESS SERVICE

TRANSPORTING THE WOUNDED TO THE REAR AT THE BATTLE OF OJINAGA

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MEXICAN REFUGEES ON THE AMERICAN SHORE AFTER CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE AT PRESIDIO, TEXAS

WAR IN MEXICO

See editorial pages

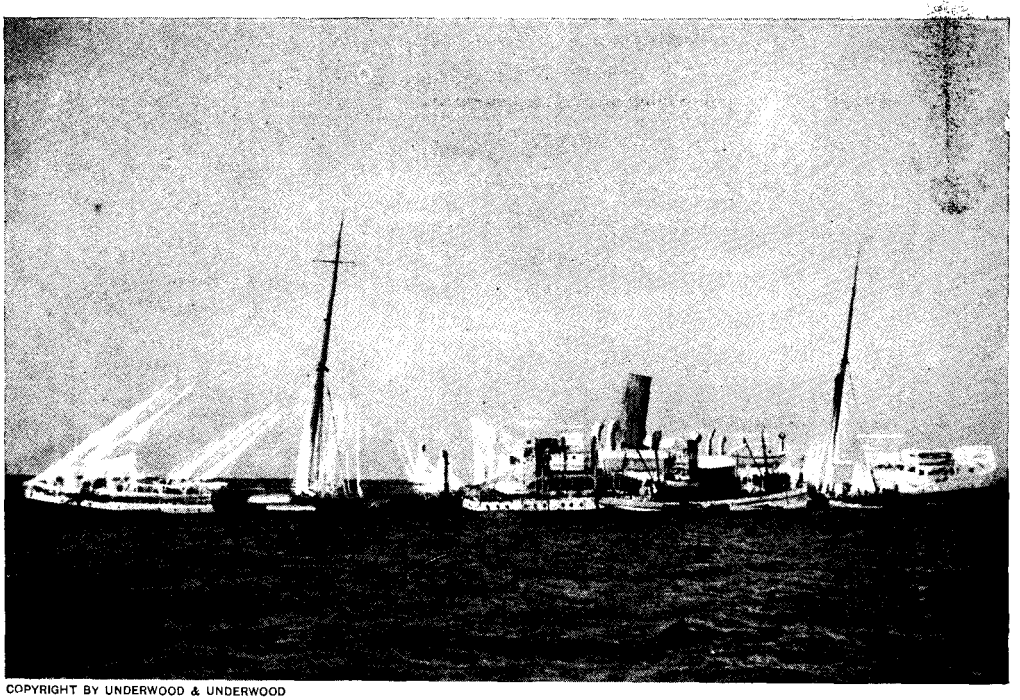
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH CENTRAL NEWS

THE FIGHTING MAN OF THE AEROPLANE

This picture shows an English flying-machine of recent construction, with the gunner in the seat below the aviator

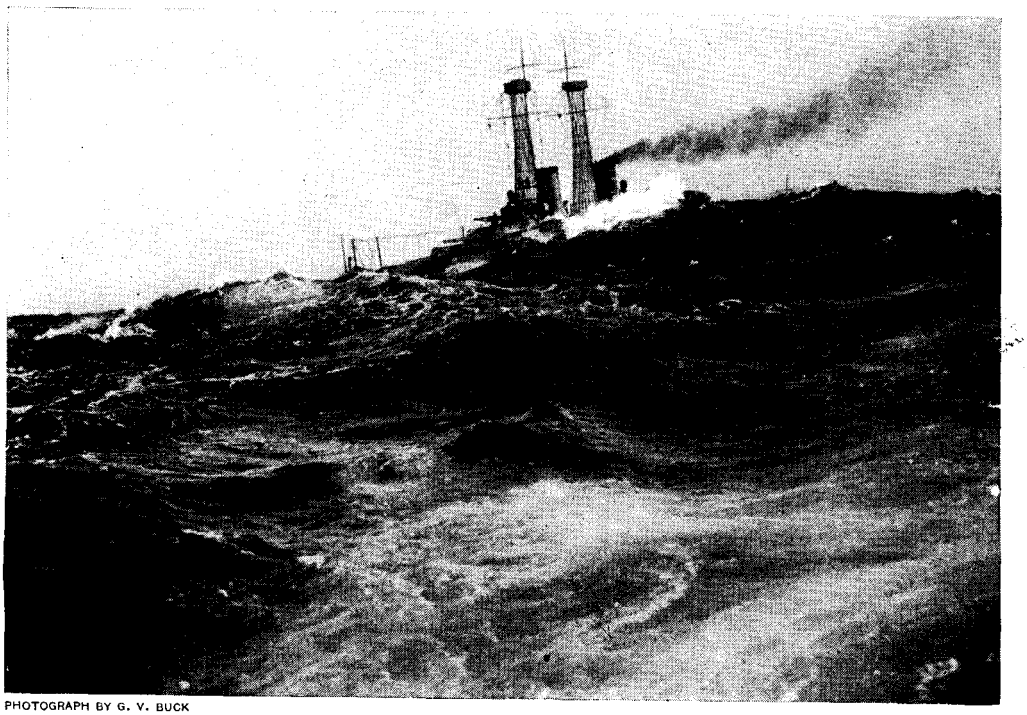
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE WRECKED STEAMSHIP COBEQUID

The photograph was taken shortly after the vessel struck the rocks of Trinity Ledge, in the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia. The small boats are engaged in rescuing passengers and removing the mails. It was at first feared that passengers and crew could not be saved, but later reports announced the rescue of all on board. This wreck, as is pointed out in the editorial pages of this issue, afforded another instance of the value of wireless telegraphy



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. V. BUCK

THE DELAWARE IN A FIGHT WITH THE WAVES

In The Outlook of January 10 the Vermont was shown in a similar combat; our readers will be interested in comparing the pictures of the two vessels while grappling with their common enemy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS IN ALSACE

"Civil is the opposite of military, is it not, father?"
"Yes, my son; and civilization is the opposite of militarism."

—*From Simplicissimus*

THE ZABERN INCIDENT AS CARTOONED IN THE GERMAN PRESS

See editorial pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was shot into and three men killed they formed the Citizens' Alliance. To some of us (with the trial that showed dynamite planting during the Lawrence strike to discredit the strikers still fresh in our minds) it was an open question as to the perpetrators of the deed. But this Alliance held monster mass-meetings whose slogan was, "The Western Federation must go." Speakers anathematized this organization, the only one to which copper-miners are eligible, and called up its turbulent early history in certain Western districts, without pointing out the corruption, high-handedness, and anarchy of civil authorities that accompanied it. "Be peaceful," said some of the spellbinders, yet the effect of the meetings was to work people to fever pitch.

There were rumors of something brewing. One village heard it was to be attacked. "All that day," said a school-teacher, "I saw foreign mothers trundling baby-cabs and guiding small feet across the country to take refuge in South Range."

That night saw the first of a series of raids for weapons on miners' houses and union headquarters, beginning with the very village to which those mothers had fled with their children. Had many guns been found, the fact would have been heralded throughout the press. That as a result of these raids only one of the searchers has been wounded (when a frightened wife cried out to her husband to shoot) is fair testimony of the strikers' discipline.

Then came the short joy of Christmas Eve, when hundreds of strikers' children gathered in Italian Hall to receive the presents that had poured in from over the Nation, then the fire panic, the stifling out of seventy-two lives on the stairs, and the rows of mute little bodies laid on the pavement for identification. Just how this panic started we shall possibly never know. It was natural enough, after the experiences of the past months, and on the testimony of a woman who said she saw the perpetrator, that strikers should attribute the cry of "Fire" to some one on the other side seeking to harass them, but with no imagination of such terrible consequences. It was only natural, too, that in their bitterness they should prefer burial money from their fellow-workers over the country to accepting thousands of dollars from the Citizens' Alliance, formed to drive out the Western Federation and thereby destroy the united stand for better conditions.

Then came the night of Governmental anarchy. All the world has read the story of the shooting, slugging, and deporting of Charles Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, the union whose weekly thousands enable the strikers to continue their stand.

Such have been the fortunes of these thousands of protesting human beings who have asked Congress for an investigation,[1] and who have always been willing that their differences should be arbitrated by the Federal Department of Labor, the Governor of Michigan, or the President of the United States.

Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, is quoted by the "Survey" as expressing "regret that the Governor and the Federal authorities had offered their good offices at mediation," saying that their efforts "merely encouraged the men to continue to strike."

On the one side is the newer ideal of industrial justice for the workers; on the other side, the old American ideal that a man's business is his business.

This is a picture of our civilization in the Michigan copper country during the winter of 1913–1914, with needless suffering, needless brutality, needless deaths, a crowded prison, enormous business waste, home, school, and social life disorganized, and anarchy rather than government. The picture isn't very creditable. If some one were moved to change it, what would he do?

[1] Mr. Gustavus Meyer, author of "The History of Great American Fortunes," and a careful investigator, points out that one reason why every effort has been used to block such an investigation is because the people who originally sold the land for mines obtained it contrary to the specific intention of Congress, which passed the law originally granting merely swamp lands to a canal company (see Annual Report for 1885 of General Land Commissioner Sparks, of the General Land Office, also House Executive Documents 1885–6, Vol. II). Mr. Meyer says that such an investigation would raise the question of Government control of the mines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE OF ANGELINE

BY SARAH CORY RIPPEY

ANGELINE was in trouble. In that section of Chicago where Angeline lives girls are frequently in trouble. The tenements about Halsted and Maxwell Streets offer everything to make trouble and little to prevent it. It would have been a wonder if Angeline had not been in trouble.

If Angeline had had a home worth the name, its influence might have helped to counteract Halsted and Maxwell Streets, for even the three crowded, dark back rooms of a tenement hold possibilities of homeship when they hold love also. But family love had long since ceased to exist in Angeline's household. Sordid poverty, drunkenness, and abuse are poor fuel for affection, and its flame flickered out before little Angeline had commenced to realize its warmth. Other babies had followed her in quick succession, and Angeline's mother soon came to regard her solely as care-taker of the puny, crying brood, and prospective contributor to the family income.

Angeline's father was a good worker—when he didn't drink. But, as he frequently preferred the lights of the corner saloon to the dreariness of the three back rooms, the family purse was seldom otherwise than quite flat. Her mother's efforts to plump it up a bit with days' scrubbings were all right so far as they went, which was not far at all. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that Angeline herself shared the family ambition and looked eagerly forward to getting a "job." To her a job stood for nickel shows and "swell clo'es." All of which just meant that Angeline's natural youthful craving for amusement had never been gratified; also that her budding womanhood was finding normal expression in a wholly commendable desire to make herself attractive. Trouble was creeping closer to Angeline.

She was just fourteen when she finally got her job. It was not a very good job. Angeline's fitful education, pursued in intervals of baby-tending, had carried her only through the fifth grade; therefore she had only a fifth-grade mentality. Fifth-grade mentalities cannot command high wages. Angeline's equipment fitted her for nothing better than her five-dollar job in a candy factory. To her, however, it was a "gran' job," possessed of infinite possibilities in the way of "swell clo'es" and fun. It might even mean a "fella." Angeline never had had a "fella." Other girls with "swell clo'es" had "fellas." Why not she?

But Angeline's joy was doomed, almost at birth, to destruction. When pay day came, "ma" demanded the entire contents of her envelope. "Pa" stood ready to reinforce the demand with his fists. Angeline had before felt the persuasive force of those fists; she handed over the envelope without a word. "Swell clo'es" and nickel shows became once more remote, but they were no longer impossible. She still dreamed, with this difference, that now her dreams took on an aspect of determination. Her brief contact with industrial life had awakened in her new impulses and vague longings and emotions, stirrings of life which, lacking previous outlet, had been crushed back into the drudgery of every day. With them came a strange, unaccustomed sense of power. She would find a way, somehow, to the "swell clo'es" and the fun.

Angeline at length confided her difficulty to the girl who worked next to her.

"That's easy," said Mame, tersely; "quit home." And Angeline quit.

Mame directed her to a rooming-house where she could stay for two dollars a week, and there she settled herself and the poor little bundle of clothes, anything but "swell," which accompanied her flight. The five dollars still seemed a fortune to Angeline.

By the end of the first week, however, Angeline found that, save for her independence, she was no better off than she had been at home. Car fares and food had eaten up what her room rent left; and still there had been no "swell clo'es," no shows. But one dream bade fair to come true—a "fella" rose on Angeline's horizon. There was no one to tell Angeline that strange men in rooming-houses must sometimes be regarded with suspicion by unprotected girls. For that matter, Angeline didn't even know she was unprotected. Her instruction at home had been solely along domestic lines peculiar to the standards of Halsted and Maxwell Streets; and while her street playground had given her a certain smartness and shrewd wisdom, it had never taught her that there could be any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason why a girl shouldn't get a "fella" in any way she could, or that he might by any chance have motives less honest than just to give a girl a good time. To Angeline the advances of the strapping young blond teamster meant simply the opening of a door to hitherto untasted delights. That trouble crouched beside the door she was blissfully unaware.

But a fly soon found its way into Angeline's pot of golden ointment. She knew that to "hang on to a fella" a girl must look "swell." Angeline had no swell clo'es, neither had she the money to buy them, and she fell into a panic of apprehension and distress.

The blond teamster was not slow to take advantage of a state of mind which Angeline was far too inexperienced to conceal. It gave him the opening for which he had been waiting. In all seeming kindliness he offered to loan Angeline money—till she "got started."

Again there was no one to warn Angeline, any more than there ever had been any one to warn her against anything. She took the money. Halsted and Maxwell Streets had done their worst to Angeline—she had sold herself to the blond teamster.

Angeline's mother, in the meantime, had begun to wonder what had become of her. Not that she was concerned for Angeline's safety; not at all. Her anxiety was solely for the weekly five dollars that Angeline represented. She needed the money, therefore Angeline must be brought home. When inquiry among the girl's friends failed to discover her, her mother reported her disappearance to the police. She was traced to the rooming-house, arrested, and taken to the Juvenile Detention Home, there to await her summons to trial before the Juvenile Court on a charge of delinquency.

It was an anguished Angeline who passed the hours between arrest and trial; an Angeline who would pay, ere many months, the tragic penalty of a primal instinct, blindly followed because no one had opened her eyes to that knowledge which means safety. The full extent of that penalty ignorant little Angeline could by no means comprehend. It was the thought of the Law that filled her with terror.

The day Angeline's case was called, however, the postman brought her a note from a girl recently arrested for a similar offense and released on parole. "Answer all the judge's questions," said the note, "and tell her everything, and she'll treat you square." Angeline read and took courage.

She came before the Court clad in all the pitiful finery that told its own story to the initiated, to find herself facing, not a harsh tribunal of relentless judges, but a gentle little woman whose brown eyes looked sympathetically into her own, and whose quiet questions soon won from her the halting story of the poverty-stricken, loveless home, the struggle for existence, the flight from it all, the job which was to mean a good time, the blond fella, the destruction of her maidenhood.

"Did no one tell you these things you were doing were wrong, Angeline?" asked the judge.

"No," sobbed Angeline, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Didn't you know you would have to give that man something back for the money he gave you?"

Angeline shook her head.

"Little girls who run away from home so they can keep the money their mothers need, and live in rooming-houses, and go about with strange men always get into trouble sooner or later," the judge went on.

Angeline threw back her head defiantly. "I wanted to have some fun!" she flashed out. "I *never* had any fun!"

"Yes, I know," sympathized the judge. "Every girl needs to have fun, but it must be the right kind. There's fun that's good, you know, Angeline, and fun that's bad."

Angeline hadn't known, but she was learning now.

Then the judge—who seemed not a judge at all, just a woman trying to help another woman—explained to Angeline, very simply, so her child mind could comprehend, the laws she had broken, and wherein lay her offense. It was Angeline's first instruction in womanhood and citizenship; her first glimpse into a side of life of which she had known nothing; her first realization that there might be something better, somewhere, for little girls who keep within the law and try to be good.

"And now, Angeline," the judge concluded, "would you like to go back home and try again?"

All the wretchedness of Angeline's fourteen dreary, unloved, drudgery-filled years was compressed into her quick, panic-stricken cry: "Oh, I don't *want* to go home! I don't *want* to go home!"

And so Angeline has gone to one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

institutions that Cook County maintains for girls who have slipped as she has slipped; the Angelines whom Halsted and Maxwell Streets and kindred localities have created; the disinherited Angelines who "never had any fun." The judge drew upon every resource of her office and of her noble womanhood to "treat square" this child whom society in the large had neglected. But the law is of necessity a corrective institution. What the case of Angeline called for was not correction but prevention. Angeline had been forgotten just when she most needed remembering.

It was the Angelines of Chicago who gradually convinced Judge Merritt W. Pinckney, Chief of the Juvenile Court, of the need of a court presided over by a woman for the trial of girl offenders only. Not that he believed such a court would be in any sense a cure of the conditions that produce these Angelines, in Chicago and elsewhere; it was just that he had a prevision of the gleam of light it might throw upon the girl problem—a gleam which could flash only from a woman's understanding of a girl's wrongs and needs and impulses and temptations.

The judge also believed that to oblige a girl to tell the story of her downfall (most girl delinquents are offenders against sex) to a man, however wise or sympathetic he might be, could only help to destroy such modesty as her experience might have left her. And of course there was always present the difficulty of getting her to tell her story to him at all. A girls' court would, he thought, teach such delinquents that there are some matters which are not to be discussed with or before men, or even to be spoken of at all, save in hushed whispers of shame. This would help the Angelines to realize, he believed, how the world looks upon such offenses.

The wisdom of Judge Pinckney's conviction has been amply proved by the results of Miss Bartelme's work in the months since she assumed charge of the Girls' Court, March 3, 1913. That she has won in so comparatively short a time a reputation for treating offenders "square" speaks more eloquently than could any word of mine of the quality of womanhood which drew Judge Pinckney's choice toward Mary M. Bartelme when a judge was to be chosen for the unique and newly created court. Miss Bartelme's genius has turned a court-room into a family conference chamber, in which offender and offended against are given an equally fair hearing, and has softened the stern features of the law into an aspect of friendliness—yes, and of love.

Miss Bartelme knows law, but, what is even more important in this particular phase of it, she knows children. Before studying for her profession she taught for eight years in the primary grades of Chicago's public schools. Afterwards, in 1897, she was appointed Public Guardian of Cook County. The four thousand and more children whose affairs she handled in that capacity, until the exactions of her court work made it necessary for her to resign, last July, looked upon her rather as a mother than as a guardian, so winning was she, so friendly, so—well, motherly. And no one can mother four thousand children—really mother them—without getting intimate and invaluable light on child character and needs and temperament.

All the concentrated power of this light Miss Bartelme has brought to a focus on the Girls' Court. To see her at her work among these children of the darkened ways is to gain a new knowledge of patience and forbearance and self-control; to be stirred to fresh impulses of tenderness and gentleness in judgment; to learn anew that love is indeed the fulfilling of the law. For "it takes love to do this work," says Miss Bartelme, "and more love, and then still more. We shouldn't get anywhere without it."

But Miss Bartelme alone cannot love girls into the light. Neither can those who work with her, nor the occasional privileged visitor who goes out from the court to spread the gospel which is in practice there. Every spark of love for human kind in every heart must be brought to bear on the problem of the delinquent girl. Preventive philanthropy, promoted by awakened public interest and sentiment, alone can create the new condition of things which must prevail if the coming generation is to be saved for respectable home-making and honest citizenship.

The public is rigidly excluded from the sessions of the Girls' Court. No one is present who can confront a girl later on with her past shame, thus perhaps destroying her chances of a useful womanhood. No man, unless he is a witness, is ever allowed in the court-room. The girl's record, the testimony, and everything bearing on her case are kept sacred from public inspection, and every protection pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible to the law is thrown about her; every help the law can offer to retrieve her mistake is hers for the taking. This much and no more can the Girls' Juvenile Court do for its delinquent charges. It is that big body back of the law—the public—that must see that these children are "treated square."

The most important contributing causes of girl delinquency—virtually only another word for immorality—have been adequately summarized by a body of social workers, of which Miss Bartelme was one, as: weakness of mind and will; individual temperament; immoral associates; lack of ethical or religious training; injurious home influences; cramped living accommodations, rendering privacy difficult; lack of industrial efficiency; idleness; unwillingness to accept available employment; love of finery and pleasure; unwholesome amusement; and inexperience and ignorance of social temptations. Many of these conditions were operative in the case of Angeline.

According to the best judgment of these workers, it has not been satisfactorily demonstrated that low wages are a direct cause of loss of virtue. Observation leads them to the belief that "it is usually the low wage of the parent or person supporting the family, resulting in a low standard of living, which includes inability to give proper training to children, as well as insufficient living accommodations and the evil social influences arising therefrom." I have been told by those who work with the delinquent girls that it is almost unheard of for girls to start to do wrong for money. The girl who sells her virtue in order to support her family, as she sometimes does, belongs in a class by herself. Among the others it is usually what these pitiful, tempted children call love that presses the wedge into the opening to vice created by the low standard of family living. This was true in the case of Angeline. The mating instinct comes early to the slum girl. Overdeveloped physically, as she frequently is, while at the same time undeveloped mentally, uninstructed, and with no knowledge of control of self, her impulses drive her to acts impossible to the girl whose parents have surrounded her with every safeguard that loving care can devise. Angeline's frank longing for a "fella" and its results will be duplicated and reduplicated wherever Angeline's environment exists.

Numerous remedial agencies are in operation to save the delinquent girl, with the indifferent success that usually attends dosing to relieve effects instead of eradicating the cause. The corrective institution no doubt has its uses, but to isolate a girl in an institution is hardly to prepare her for community life when she comes out. Miss Bartelme turns to the institution only as a last resort, preferring to give her charges a chance to develop initiative, which the institution destroys, in the struggle to make good in the stream of life, under, of course, the guidance and supervision of the Court through its probation officers. If it is possible, and best, to let a girl return home, thus preserving the natural relationship between parent and child, Miss Bartelme does so. Otherwise it is sometimes possible to place her in a private home, where she may either be a boarder or work for a wage. There is, by the way, sad dearth of homes opened to the Angelines. The quality of mercy for the delinquent girl is still "strained."

So much for the delinquent Angelines. It is about the Angelines before they become delinquent that social workers are growing more and more concerned. What can be done to offset the contamination of their present environment and prepare them to make stanch, good-citizen-producing homes in the future? For it is generally recognized that the bad can be eradicated only by bringing in the good; that the only lasting benefit must come from prevention. Just what shall we do to "treat square" these little ones within our gates?

Miss Bartelme has a fivefold answer to this question:

1. Establish more public playgrounds, and have dance-halls supervised by policewomen. Policewomen, Miss Bartelme believes, can render invaluable service, not by exercising the functions of regular policemen, but as official chaperons of boys as well as of girls.

2. Make the school a social center, where parents and children can take their pleasures together and develop mutual interests. This would enable foreign parents to learn American ways, and so better to understand their American-born children and share their view-point. Anything which makes for community of family interest increases the solidarity of the home.

3. Raise the compulsory education age limit from fourteen to sixteen. Delinquency is more likely to occur between those years than at any other period. This is the crucial time in a girl's life. She is just beginning to feel her powers. New experiences, phys-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical and spiritual, are coming to her; and with them, new temptations. She can be better safeguarded in school than in either factory or store, and she also needs for her better physical development the vitality which she would otherwise be exhausting in work. Records show that only ten per cent of the delinquent girls are in school.

During these additional two years Miss Bartelme suggests that girls be taught things that will be valuable in home-making, for the betterment of their present homes as well as for the creating of possible homes of their own. With the lessons in practical housekeeping must also go instruction in simple, wholesome cookery, and in sewing.

Vocational training comes in here, too. Angeline at sixteen, and fitted for some calling suited to her talents and ability, need not have worked for five dollars a week in a candy factory.

4. Teach sex hygiene in the schools. This has recently been tried experimentally in Chicago.

5. Educate boys in self-respect and in respect for girls and women.

All of these constructive measures must, however, be strongly infused with some element, spirit—call it what you will—which will create that within the girl by which she must inevitably save herself. No individual or agency can impose morality on her, any more than culture can be imposed on her. Society's part in girl conservation is to surround her with influences which shall implant and nourish in her soul the love of struggle, that empowerment which shall lift her above her environment, set her feet steadfastly on solid ground, and then hold her there.

The Girls' Juvenile Court of Chicago has one message for you to-day. It is this: Make the problem of the delinquent girl your problem. Perhaps it is only because Providence has placed you where you are that the case of Angeline is not the case of your own little girl. Perhaps you have even been placed there just that you might reach down out of your own security and help make safe the little Angelines of the darkened way. To be sure, it takes "love, and more love, and then still more." But isn't even one life saved to honorable womanhood worth the expenditure?

THE INCOME TAX EXEMPTION

BY ROY G. BLAKEY

PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PROBABLY no provision of the new income tax law has provoked such widespread and fundamental criticism as has the high exemption.[1] The law of 1894 also provided for a $4,000 exemption, and it was assaulted in Congress, in the courts, and in the press of the country by the ablest and most eminent spokesmen that the opponents of the tax could secure. It is too early as yet to know to just what lengths attacks upon the new law will go, but already legal proceedings have been begun upon the ground that it violates the Constitutional provisions that were intended to safeguard private property.

The exemption is criticised as having the effect of making the tax a class tax upon the

[1] "*The* exemption" in this article has primary reference to the $4,000 abatement. Though the law speaks of the $3,000 deduction which is to be allowed unmarried individuals as if it were the normal exemption, nevertheless, the $4,000 exemption which is allowed married couples will be so much more common in the operation of the law that it might be spoken of more properly as *the* exemption. In referring to these exemptions, the law itself uses both the terms "deductions" and "exemptions." It would probably be less confusing if it used the English term "abatement," and confined the use of "deductions" to deductions for expenses and similar items, and used the term "exemptions" in reference to incomes which are wholly exempt on account of their source rather than on account of their amount, namely, those from Government bonds, State and local Government employment, agricultural labor and similar non-profit-making organizations, etc.

In this connection it may be added that there is some difference of interpretation of the law relative to the amounts of exemptions allowed. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, to whom is delegated the interpretation of the law, the chief author of the income tax section, and others have construed it to mean that both husband and wife living together may not have exemptions aggregating more than $4,000 from their combined net incomes. Some lawyers, however, construe it to mean that husband and wife may each claim an exemption of $3,000, and that either (not both) may claim $1,000 additional, making possible an aggregate abatement of $7,000 for both. The phraseology of the law as it stands is certainly ambiguous, as was not the case with reference to this provision in the original bill and even in some of the amendments. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue is now giving this matter further consideration, but it is probable that it will require a court decision or an amendment to settle it finally. As mentioned above, the present article follows the interpretation of the Commissioner and the expressed intent of the author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rich, one that is voted by the masses who do not pay it, and who consequently will take little interest in Governmental extravagance and who will demand increased paternalism because the burdens of expense will fall entirely upon others. Not only will the Government be required to do more for the individual citizens, but at the same time swollen incomes will be checked and distributed. That is, an income tax with progressive rates and such high exemptions is criticised as being Socialistic in the extreme.

For somewhat similar reasons the law has been criticised as levying a class tax upon industry and commerce while exempting agriculture. Furthermore, it has been bitterly assailed as a sectional tax laid by the West and South upon the East, particularly upon New York City. Thus it is asserted that it is not only unjust, but that at the same time it tends to create and widen gulfs between classes and sections instead of promoting social and National harmony.

The rich are not alone in the belief that the high exemption is unwise and unjust. Many others whose incomes fall within the exemption admit that each individual should share the tax in proportion to his ability, however small that may be. But, obviously, not many members of the latter class are active in their advocacy of lower exemptions.

A study of the forces which have been agitating and working for an income tax for at least a third of a century will confirm the opinion that there is much truth at the bases of these criticisms. Such a study will include the granger, silver, anti-trust, and other Western Populistic movements of the latter part of the last century, as well as the pronounced Socialistic and allied tendencies of more recent years. It will include a survey of the actions of both National and State legislatures with reference to this and similar measures. Particularly it will take notice of the class and sectional alignment with regard to the nullification of the 1894 law and the ratification of the Sixteenth Amendment.

If we compare the exemption of our new law with the exemptions of the Civil War period or with those of other countries, we are further convinced of its unusual height. The law of 1861, which, however, was never put into force, provided for an exemption of $800; the law of 1862, which superseded it, put the exemption at $600; the law of 1867 raised it to $1,000; and that of 1870 raised it still further to $2,000. The relatively new Wisconsin income tax, which is the only successful general State income tax of importance now in operation in the United States, exempts only $800 for an individual and $1,200 for married couples.

The English law does not provide for a uniform exemption, or "abatement," as it is called there, upon all incomes regardless of their amount, but decreases the abatement as the amount of income increases. The largest abatement is £160 ($800), and is allowed only upon incomes which do not exceed £400 ($2,000). For incomes totaling between £400 and £500 the abatement is £150; for those between £500 and £600, it is £120; and for those between £600 and £700 it is £70. Incomes in excess of £700 ($3,500) are allowed no abatement. To persons with incomes not exceeding £500 an additional abatement of £10 is permitted for each child under sixteen. Additional allowances are made also for insurance premiums, hospital charges, and other expenses which it is thought should not be discouraged.

In Prussia 900 marks ($214) is exempt, and if a person is assessed for a taxable income of not over $3,000 marks ($714), he is allowed a deduction of 50 marks ($12) for each child under fourteen, or for each relative that he is legally bound to support. In case the income is between 3,000 and 6,500 marks there is a reduction of one grade in the progressive rate if three or four children or relatives have to be supported, and a reduction of two grades if the number is five or more.

In Austria the regular abatement is 1,200 kronen ($240); in Norway, 1,000 kroner ($268); in Italy, 400 lire ($77.20); in New Zealand, £300 ($1,500); in New South Wales, £200; and in Queensland, £200 if the income is entirely from personal exertion.

These exemptions are fairly typical of the regular abatements elsewhere, but most countries allow additional deductions and other variations for dependent children and relatives, life insurance, sickness, etc., and most of them differentiate between earned and unearned incomes. Thus it is evident that the $3,000 and $4,000 exemptions of our new income tax law are comparatively high.

But notwithstanding this relative height, and although the many unfavorable criticisms contain much of truth, nevertheless something may be said in justification of the exemptions as they are.

Perhaps the most common answer to criticisms is that the standard of living in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States is higher than in other countries, hence the differences in the exemptions are not really so great as they appear. There is some truth in this contention, and it is to be noted that abatements elsewhere are highest in the countries having the highest standards of living. A similar disparity is involved when we compare the present exemptions with those of 1894 and of the Civil War period; $4,000 has little more purchasing power now than $2,500 had in 1894. Furthermore, the taxes of the Civil War were emergency measures, and hence necessarily more severe. Similarly, the demand for National revenue even in times of peace is much more easily met in the United States than in most foreign countries. During much of our protective régime we have been embarrassed with surpluses quite as much as with deficits.

Perhaps the charge which has been pushed most vigorously and persistently is that the high exemption makes the new measure an unjust tax upon the rich. There is no denying the fact that it is a class tax. The Secretary of the Treasury in his recent estimates calculates that it will be paid by 524,000 individuals and 150,000 corporations. This means that the tax falling directly upon individual incomes will affect about one family in every forty. It is impossible to reckon with any degree of accuracy how many additional families will be affected indirectly by the tax upon corporations. But, with all due allowances, most of the tax will be paid by the rich.

It should be kept in mind in this connection, however, that the new income tax is a supplementary rather than an exclusive source of National revenue. According to estimates, it will raise only about a seventh of the total revenue (excluding postal receipts) and less than half the amount of the customs receipts, even under the lowered tariff rates. The new tariff schedule, though less objectionable than previous ones, is nevertheless a class tax which falls with greater weight upon the poor and middle classes than upon the rich. The same is true of the excises that produce most of the remaining revenue. Hence equity calls for an offsetting class tax which will reach ability not reached by the indirect taxes and which at the same time will lighten the burden now falling upon the masses. The lowering of the tariff rates upon necessities and the establishment of the present income tax work in a twofold way toward the equalization of burdens.

The present inequity as regards small property owners is increased by State and local taxes, most of which fall upon them in the majority of the commonwealths. This is particularly true as regards owners of real estate and other tangible property. This last-mentioned fact is a partial justification of an exemption high enough to pass over most agricultural incomes.

There is some truth in the objection that the masses will take little interest in Governmental extravagance because they pay none of the new tax, but the same objection is almost equally strong as regards the tariff so far as any practical effects are concerned. State and local revenues are raised largely by direct taxes in most commonwealths, but even in such cases expenditures seem to be accompanied by about as much extravagance and graft as in the case of Federal finances. There are numerous exceptions, particularly in the smaller local units, but in neither Nation nor State does the individual taxpayer as such have sufficient interest to cause or justify the inconvenience and expense of an effective protest.

There is little doubt of the truth of the claim that most of the income tax will be paid by the East. Of the total amounts raised by the Civil War income taxes, approximately the following percentages were paid by different States:

	Per cent.
New York	29–39
Pennsylvania	13–15
Massachusetts	10–14
Ohio	4–8
Illinois	3–6
New Jersey	3–5
California	3–5

The statistics gathered in connection with the corporation excise tax, census reports, and other information which we have indicate the same general sectional distribution of wealth at the present time, though, of course, there are numerous variations.

But though it is true that the East, and particularly New York City, will be assessed for large shares of the tax, it will not be because they are Eastern, but because they are the localities of the large incomes. The same wealth which subjects them to large taxes makes them amply able to pay the same.

Many of the individual receivers of these large incomes—in fact, the most conspicuous ones—did not live in New York City originally, but moved there because of its advan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tages as a commercial and financial center. Many others moved there because of its advantages as a place to spend large incomes. Furthermore, most of the incomes of the wealthy residents of this American metropolis continue to come directly or indirectly from other parts of the country. The same is true in large measure of other large centers. Some of these large incomes arise from oil, others from sugar, others from steel, others from railways, and others from a thousand different forms of wealth which minister to the wants of our 100,000,000 people, and which at the same time levy tribute and keep it pouring into these great centers and into the chests of the Nation's captains of industry.

These incomes are not local but National in the highest degree, and as such should most appropriately be assessed for National taxes. These centers and their wealthy residents have cause for satisfaction and thanksgiving that their incomes are so bountiful, that the country has provided them with such great opportunities, rather than occasion for criticising as sectional a moderate contribution to the Nation which has rendered their prosperity possible. To collect taxes on such incomes by apportionment, whether according to population or area, would be manifestly unjust, and it was because of this unjustness that the Constitutional amendment was necessary.

In addition to these facts there are several important administrative justifications for the high exemptions of our tax at the beginning of its establishment. One high exemption with a single simple variation makes administration more simple than do half a dozen or a dozen different abatements which vary with amount of income, number of children, source of income, and various other circumstances, as in the laws of other countries.

Moreover, the high exemption not only lessens the number of incomes to be assessed, and thereby lessens the work, but at the same time it automatically selects those incomes which are both easiest to assess and most fruitful as to yield. Even if the taxes upon large and small incomes were assessed and collected in the same manner, the expenses and difficulties in proportion to yield would be much greater in the case of the small incomes. But the same methods cannot be used most advantageously in both cases, and the high abatement tends toward the selection of those which can be reached at the source. The efficiency of the stoppage-at-the-source method is incomparably greater than the system of self-assessment. On account of the difficulties of the latter method indirect taxes are more practicable for very small incomes.

What is perhaps still more important is the fact that we have not as yet adequate and efficient administrative machinery. The establishment of a new tax of the importance of our income tax throughout as large and populous a country as the United States is an undertaking of vast proportions. After we shall have trained a large and efficient corps of administrators and collected a mass of valuable data we shall be in a better position to lower the abatement substantially and thus include many more incomes, but to do so in the beginning would clog the machinery and defeat the entire system.

There is little doubt that many have favored the high exemption and the progressive rates for Socialistic reasons—that is, because they think it will tend to check swollen incomes and to distribute parts of them for the benefit of the masses who vote but do not pay such taxes. It is probable also that many politicians have not been unmindful of class prejudices and advantages to be gained by catering to them. Theoretically it is possible to conceive that the masses might first check production and later confiscate all property by means of an income tax. Whether they will do so in some distant future is a problem which involves the whole question of democratic government and which we cannot undertake to discuss here. Suffice it to say that the exemptions and rates of the present income tax render the contributions of none so great that they will be a check to industry, and the experience of many years in Europe, where the rates average considerably higher than here, makes it doubtful if they will become discouraging to industry and saving within any near future.

But if the great majority of the people should at some future time see fit to adopt Socialism, or to confiscate property, or to take any other action, however radical, the barring of them from the use of an income tax, if such were possible, would not prevent them from using other means to accomplish the same end.

In general, one-sided class taxation is to be avoided, whether upon the rich for the benefit of the poor, or the reverse. If the income tax shall ever become the exclusive,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or even the chief, source of our revenues, and if in the meantime it has remained crystallized as first enacted, then there will be more force in such objections as those which are now current. But it is for all Americans to see that it is properly used rather than abused.

But the new tax should be judged at the present time, not by what it ought to be under ideal conditions after years of development, but as it actually is, namely, the first step in the establishment of an extensive system which has enormous possibilities for good. As it becomes desirable to change its supplementary character, or to raise additional revenues, or to adjust it in other ways, and as administrative machinery is perfected and extended, the exemptions can be lowered so as to include more incomes, and differentiated so as to correspond more closely to the demands of justice. Neither justice nor administration can be overlooked. In the field of taxation comparatively few understand the complex problems involved or appreciate the importance of efficient administration as a means of securing justice.

SAP-TIME

A NEW JONATHAN STORY

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

IT was a little tree-toad that began it. In a careless moment he had come down to the bench that connects the big maple tree with the old locust stump, and when I went out at dusk to wait for Jonathan, there he sat, in plain sight. A few experimental pokes sent him back to the tree, and I studied him there, marveling at the way he assimilated with its bark. As Jonathan came across the grass I called softly, and pointed to the tree.

"Well?" he said.

"Don't you see?"

"No. What?"

"Look—I thought you had eyes!"

"Oh, what a little beauty!"

"And isn't his back just like bark and lichens! And what are those things in the tree beside him?"

"Plugs, I suppose."

"Plugs?"

"Yes. After tapping. Uncle Ben used to tap these trees, I believe."

"You mean for sap? Maple syrup?"

"Yes."

"Jonathan! I didn't know these were sugar maples."

"Oh, yes. These on the road."

"The whole row? Why, there are ten or fifteen of them! And you never told me!"

"I thought you knew."

"Knew! I don't know anything—I should think you'd know that, by this time. Do you suppose, if I had known, I should have let all these years go by—oh, dear—think of all the fun we've missed! And syrup!"

"You'd have to come up in February."

"Well, then, I'll *come* in February. Who's afraid of February?"

"All right. Try it next year."

I did. But not in February. Things happened, as things do, and it was early April before I got to the farm. But it had been a wintry March, and the farmers told me that the sap had not been running except for a few days in a February thaw. Anyway, it was worth trying.

Jonathan could not come with me. He was to join me later. But Hiram found a bundle of elder spouts in the attic, and with these and an auger we went out along the snowy, muddy road. The hole was bored—a pair of them—in the first tree, and the spouts driven in. I knelt, watching—in fact, peering up the spout-hole to see what might happen. Suddenly a drop, dim with sawdust, appeared—gathered, hesitated, then ran down gayly and leapt off the end.

"Look! Hiram! It's running!" I called.

Hiram, boring the next tree, made no response. He evidently expected it to run. Jonathan would have acted just like that, too, I felt sure. Is it a masculine quality, I wonder, to be unmoved when the theoretically expected becomes actual? Or is it that some temperaments have naturally a certain large confidence in the sway of law, and refuse to wonder at its individual workings?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To me the individual workings give an ever fresh thrill because they bring a new realization of the mighty powers behind them. It seems to depend on which end you begin at.

But though the little drops thrilled me, I was not beyond setting a pail underneath to catch them. And as Hiram went on boring, I followed with my pails. Pails, did I say? Pails by courtesy. There were, indeed, a few real pails—berry-pails, lard-pails, and water-pails—but for the most part the sap fell into pitchers, or tin saucepans, stew-kettles of aluminum or agate ware, blue and gray and white and mottled, or big yellow earth enware bowls. It was a strange collection of receptacles that lined the roadside when we had finished our progress. As I looked along the row, I laughed, and even Hiram smiled.

But what next? Every utensil in the house was out here, sitting in the road. There was nothing left but the wash-boiler. Now, I had heard tales of amateur syrup-boilings, and I felt that the wash-boiler would not do. Besides, I meant to work outdoors—no kitchen stove for me! I must have a pan, a big, flat pan. I flew to the telephone, and called up the village plumber, three miles away. Could he build me a pan? Oh, say, two feet by three feet, and five inches high—yes, right away. Yes, Hiram would call for it in the afternoon.

I felt better. And now for a fireplace! Oh, Jonathan! Why did you have to be away! For Jonathan loves a stone and knows how to put stones together, as witness the stone "Eyrie" and the stile in the lane. However, there Jonathan wasn't. So I went out into the swampy orchard behind the house and looked about—no lack of stones, at any rate. I began to collect material, and Hiram, seeing my purpose, helped with the big stones. Somehow my fireplace got made—two side walls, one end wall, the other end left open for stoking. It was not as pretty as if Jonathan had done it, but "'twas enough, 'twould serve." I collected firewood, and there I was, ready for my pan, and the afternoon was yet young, and the sap was drip-drip-dripping from all the spouts. I could begin to boil next day. I felt that I was being borne along on the providential wave that so often floats the inexperienced to success.

That night I emptied all my vessels into the boiler and set them out once more. A neighbor drove by and pulled up to comment benevolently on my work.

"Will it run to-night?" I asked him.

"No—no—'twon't run to-night. Too cold. 'Twon't run any to-night. You can sleep all right."

This was pleasant to hear. There was a moon, to be sure, but it was growing colder, and at the idea of crawling along that road in the middle of the night even my enthusiasm shivered a little.

So I made my rounds at nine, in the white moonlight, and went to sleep.

I was awakened the next morning to a consciousness of flooding sunshine and Hiram's voice outside my window.

"Got anything I can empty sap into? I've got everything all filled up."

"Sap! Why, it isn't running yet, is it?"

"Pails were flowin' over when I came out."

"Flowing over! They said the sap wouldn't run last night."

"I guest there don't nobody know when sap'll run and when it won't," said Hiram peacefully, as he tramped off to the barn.

In a few minutes I was outdoors. Sure enough, Hiram had everything full—old boilers, feed-pails, water-pails. But we found some three-gallon milk cans and used them. A farm is like a city. There are always things enough in it for all purposes. It is only a question of using its resources.

Then, in the clear April sunshine, I went out and surveyed the row of maples. How they did drip! Some of them almost ran. I felt as if I had turned on the faucets of the universe and didn't know how to turn them off again.

However, there was my new pan. I set it over my oven walls and began to pour in sap. Hiram helped me. He seemed to think he needed his feed-pails. We poured in sap and we poured in sap. Never did I see anything hold so much as that pan. Even Hiram was stirred out of his usual calm to remark, "It beat all, how much that holds." Of course Jonathan would have had its capacity all calculated the day before, but my methods are empirical, and so I was surprised as well as pleased when all my receptacles emptied themselves into its shallow breadths and still there was a good inch to allow for boiling up. Yes, Providence—my exclusive little fool's Providence—was with me. The pan, and the oven, were a success, and when Jonathan came that night I led him out with unconcealed pride and showed him the pan—now a heaving, frothing mass of sap-about-to-be-syrup, sending clouds of white steam down the wind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As he looked at the oven walls, I fancied his fingers ached to get at them, but he offered no criticism, seeing that they worked.

The next day began overcast, but Providence was merely preparing for me a special little gift in the form of a miniature snowstorm. It was quite real while it lasted. It whitened the grass and the road, it piled itself softly among the clusters of swelling buds on the apple trees, and made the orchard look as though it had burst into bloom in an hour. Then the sun came out, there were a few dazzling moments when the world was all blue and silver, and then the whiteness faded.

And the sap! How it dripped! Once an hour I had to make the rounds, bringing back gallons each time, and the fire under my pan was kept up so that the boiling down might keep pace with the new supply.

"They do say snow makes it run," shouted a passer-by, and another called, "You want to keep skimmin'!" Whereupon I seized my long-handled skimmer and fell to work. Southern Connecticut does not know much about syrup, but by the avenue of the road I was gradually accumulating such wisdom as it possessed.

The syrup was made. No worse accident befell than the occasional overflowing of a pail too long neglected. The syrup was made, and bottled, and distributed to friends, and was the pride of the household through the year.

"This time I will go early," I said to Jonathan; "they say the late running is never quite so good."

It was early March when I got up there this time—early March after a winter whose rigor had known practically no break. Again Jonathan could not come, but cousin Janet could, and we met at the little station, where Hiram was waiting with Kit and the surrey. The sun was warm, but the air was keen and the woods hardly showed spring at all yet, even in that first token of it, the slight thickening of their millions of little tips, through the swelling of the buds. The city trees already showed this, but the country ones still kept their wintry penciling of vanishing lines.

Spring was in the road, however. "There ain't no bottom to this road now, it's just dropped clean out," remarked a fellow-teamster as we wallowed along companionably through the woods. But, somehow, we reached the farm. Again we bored our holes, and again I was thrilled as the first bright drops slipped out and jeweled the ends of the spouts. I watched Janet. She was interested but calm, classing herself at once with Hiram and Jonathan. We unearthed last year's oven and dug out its inner depths—leaves and dirt and apples and ashes—it was like excavating through the seven Troys to get to bottom. We brought down the big pan, now clothed in the honors of a season's use, and cleaned off the cobwebs incident to a year's sojourn in the attic. By sunset we had a panful of sap boiling merrily and already taking on a distinctly golden tinge. We tasted it. It was very syrupy. Letting the fire die down, we went in to get supper in the utmost content of spirit.

"It's so much simpler than last year," I said, as we sat over our cozy "tea," "having the pan and the oven ready-made, and all—"

"You don't suppose anything could happen to it while we're in here?" suggested Janet. "Sha'n't I just run out and see?"

"No, sit still. What could happen? The fire's going out."

"Yes, I know." But her voice was uncertain.

"You see, I've been all through it once," I reassured her.

As we rose, Janet said, "Let's go out before we do the dishes." And to humor her I agreed. We lighted the lantern and stepped out on the back porch. It was quite dark, and as we looked off toward the fireplace we saw gleams of red.

"How funny!" I murmured. "I didn't think there was so much fire left."

We felt our way over, through the yielding mud of the orchard, and as I raised the lantern we stared in dazed astonishment. The pan was a blackened mass, lit up by winking red eyes of fire. I held the lantern more closely. I seized a stick and poked—the crisp black stuff broke and crumbled into an empty and blackening pan. A curious odor arose.

"It couldn't have!" gasped Janet.

"It couldn't—but it has!" I said.

It was a matter for tears, or rage, or laughter. And laughter won. When we recovered a little we took up the black shell of carbon that had once been syrup-froth; we laid it gently beside the oven, for a keepsake. Then we poured water in the pan, and steam rose hissing to the stars.

"Does it leak?" faltered Janet.

"Leak!" I said. I was on my knees now, watching the water stream through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parted seam of the pan bottom, down into the ashes below.

"The question is," I went on as I got up, "did it boil away because it leaked, or did it leak because it boiled away?"

"I don't see that it matters much," said Janet. She was showing symptoms of depression at this point.

"It matters a great deal," I said. "Because, you see, we've got to tell Jonathan, and it makes all the difference how we put it."

"I see," said Janet; then she added, experimentally, "Why tell Jonathan?"

"Why, Janet, you know better! I wouldn't miss telling Jonathan for anything. What is Jonathan *for?*"

"Well—of course," she conceded. "Let's do dishes."

We sat before the fire that evening and I read while Janet knitted. Between my eyes and the printed page there kept rising a vision—a vision of black crust, with winking red embers smoldering along its broken edges. I found it distracting in the extreme. . . .

At some time unknown, out of the blind depths of the night, I was awakened by a voice:

"It's beginning to rain. I think I'll just go out and empty what's near the house."

"Janet!" I murmured, "don't be absurd."

"But it will dilute all that sap."

"There isn't any sap to dilute. It won't be running at night." After a while the voice, full of propitiatory intonations, resumed:

"My dear, you don't mind if I slip out. It will only take a minute."

"I do mind. Go to sleep!" Silence. Then:

"It's raining harder. I hate to think of all that sap—"

"You don't *have* to think!" I was quite savage. "Just go to sleep—and let me!" Another silence. Then a fresh downpour. The voice was pleading:

"*Please* let me go! I'll be back in a minute. And it's not cold."

"Oh, well—I'm awake now, anyway. *I'll* go." My voice was tinged with that high resignation that is worse than anger. Janet's tone changed instantly:

"No, no! Don't! Please don't! I'm going. I truly don't mind."

"*I'm* going. I don't mind, either, not at all."

"Oh, dear! Then let's not either of us go."

"That was my idea in the first place."

"Well, then, we won't. Go to sleep, and I will too."

"Not at all! I've decided to go."

"But it's stopped raining. Probably it won't rain any more."

"Then what are you making all this fuss for?"

"I didn't make a fuss. I just thought I could slip out—"

"Well, you couldn't. And it's raining very hard again. And I'm going."

"Oh, don't! You'll get drenched."

"Of course. But I can't bear to have all that sap diluted."

"It doesn't run at night. You said it didn't."

"You said it did."

"But I don't really know. You know best."

"Why didn't you think of that sooner? Anyway, I'm going."

"Oh, dear! You make me feel as if I'd stirred you up—"

"You have," I interrupted, sweetly. "I won't deny that you *have* stirred me up. But now that you have mentioned it"—I felt for a match—"now that you have mentioned it, I see that this was the one thing needed to make my evening complete, or perhaps it's morning—I don't know."

We found the dining-room warm, and soon we were equipped in those curious compromises of vesture that people adopt under such circumstances, and, with lantern and umbrella, we fumbled our way out to the trees. The rain was driving in sheets, and we plodded up the road in the yellow circle of lantern-light wavering uncertainly over the puddles, while under our feet the mud gave and sucked.

"It's diluted, sure enough," I said, as we emptied the pails. We crawled slowly back, with our heavy milk-can and sap-and-rain-water, and went in.

The warm dining-room was pleasant to return to, and we sat down to cookies and milk, feeling almost cozy.

"I've always wanted to know how it would be to go out in the middle of the night this way," I remarked, "and now I know."

"Aren't you hateful!" said Janet.

"Not at all. Just appreciative. But now, if you haven't any *other* plan, we'll go back to bed."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was half-past eight when we waked next morning. But there was nothing to wake up for. The old house was filled with the rain-noises that only such an old house knows. On the little windows the drops pricked sharply; in the fireplace with the straight flue they fell, hissing, on the embers. On the porch roofs the rain made a dull patter of sound; on the tin roof of the "little attic" over the kitchen it beat with flat resonance. In the big attic, when we went up to see if all was tight, it filled the place with a multitudinous clamor; on the sides of the house it drove with a fury that re-echoed dimly within doors.

Outside, everything was afloat. We visited the trees and viewed with consternation the torrents of rain-water pouring into the pails. We tried fastening pans over the spouts to protect them. The wind blew them merrily down the road. It would have been easy enough to cover the pails, but how to let the sap drip in and the rain drip out—that was the question.

"It seems as if there was a curse on the syrup this year," said Janet.

"The trouble is," I said, "I know just enough to have lost my hold on the fool's Providence, and not enough really to take care of myself."

"Superstition!" said Janet.

"What do you call your idea of the curse?" I retorted. "Anyway, I have an idea! Look, Janet! We'll just cut up these enamel-cloth table-covers here by the sink and everywhere, and tack them around the spouts."

Janet's thrifty spirit was doubtful. "Don't you need them?"

"Not half so much as the trees do. Come on! Pull them off. We'll have to have fresh ones this summer, anyway."

We stripped the kitchen tables and the pantry and the milk-room. We got tacks and a hammer and scissors, and out we went again. We cut a piece for each tree, just enough to go over each pair of spouts and protect the pail. When tacked on, it had the appearance of a neat bib, and as the pattern was a blue and white check, the effect, as one looked down the road at the twelve trees, was very fresh and pleasing. It seemed to cheer the people who drove by, too.

But the bibs served their purpose, and the sap dripped cozily into the pails without any distraction from alien elements. Sap doesn't run in the rain, they say, but this sap did. Probably Hiram was right, and you can't tell. I am glad if you can't. The physical mysteries of the universe are being unveiled so swiftly that one likes to find something that still keeps its secret—though, indeed, the spiritual mysteries seem in no danger of such enforcement.

The next day the rain stopped, the floods began to subside, and Jonathan managed to arrive, though the roads had even less "bottom to 'em" than before. The sun blazed out, and the sap ran faster, and, after Jonathan had fully enjoyed them, the blue and white bibs were taken off. Somehow in the clear March sunshine they looked almost shocking. By the next day we had syrup enough to try for sugar.

For on sugar my heart was set. Syrup was all very well for the first year, but now it had to be sugar. Moreover, as I explained to Janet, when it came to sugar, being absolutely ignorant, I was again in a position to expect the aid of the fool's Providence.

"How much *do* you know about it?" asked Janet.

"Oh, just what people say. It seems to be partly like fudge and partly like molasses candy. You boil it, and then you beat it, and then you pour it off."

"I've got more to go on than that," said Jonathan. "I came up on the train with the Judge. He used to see it done."

"You've got to drive Janet over to her train to-night; Hiram can't," I said.

"All right. There's time enough."

We sat down to early supper, and took turns running out to the kitchen to "try" the syrup as it boiled down. At least we said we would take turns, but usually we all three went. Supper seemed distinctly a side issue.

"I'm going to take it off now," said Jonathan. "Look out!"

"Do you think it's time?" I demurred.

"We'll know soon," said Jonathan, with his usual composure.

We hung over him. "Now you beat it," I said. But he was already beating.

"Get some cold water to set it in," he commanded. We brought the dishpan with water from the well, where ice still floated.

"Maybe you oughtn't to stir so much—do you think?" I suggested, helpfully. "Beat it more—up, you know."

"More the way you would eggs," said Janet.

"I'll show you." I lunged at the spoon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Go away! This isn't eggs," said Jonathan, beating steadily.

"Your arm must be tired. Let me take it," pleaded Janet,

"No, me!" I said. "Janet, you've got to get your coat and things. You'll have to start in fifteen minutes. Here, Jonathan, you need a fresh arm."

"I'm fresh enough."

"And I really don't think you have the motion."

"I have motion enough. This is my job. You go and help Janet."

"Janet's all right."

"So am I. See how white it's getting. The Judge said—"

"Here comes Hiram and Kit," announced Janet, returning with bag and wraps. "But you have ten minutes. Can't I help?"

"He won't let us. He's that 'sot,'" I murmured. "He'll make you miss your train."

"You *could* butter the pans," he countercharged, "and you haven't."

We flew to prepare, and the pouring began. It was a thrilling moment. The syrup, or sugar, now a pale hay color, poured out thickly, blob-blob-blob, into the little pans. Janet moved them up as they were needed, and I snatched the spoon, at last, and encouraged the stuff to fall where it should. But Jonathan got it from me again, and scraped out the remnant, making designs of clovers and polliwogs on the tops of the cakes. Then a dash for coats and hats and a rush to the carriage.

When the surrey disappeared around the turn of the road, I went back, shivering, to the house. It seemed very empty, as houses will, being sensitive things. I went to the kitchen. There on the table sat a huddle of little pans, to cheer me, and I fell to work getting things in order to be left in the morning. Then I went back to the fire and waited for Jonathan. I picked up a book and tried to read, but the stillness of the house was too importunate. It had to be listened to; and I leaned back and watched the fire, and the old house and I held communion together.

Perhaps in no other way is it possible to get quite what I got that evening. It was partly my own attitude. I was going away in the morning, and I had, in a sense, no duties toward the place. The magazines of last fall lay on the tables, the newspapers of last fall lay beside them. The dust of last fall was, doubtless, in the closets and on the floors. It did not matter. For though I was the mistress of the house, I was for the moment even more its guest, and guests do not concern themselves with such things as these.

If it had been really an empty house, I should have been obliged to think of these things, for in an empty house the dust speaks and the house is still, dumbly imprisoned in its own past. On the other hand, when a house is filled with life, it is still, too; it is absorbed in its own present. But when one sojourns in a house that is merely resting, full of the life that has only for a brief season left it, ready for the life that is soon to return—then one is in the midst of silences that are not empty and hollow, but richly eloquent. The house is the link that joins and interprets the living past and the living future.

Something of this I came to feel as I sat there in the wonderful stillness. There were no house noises such as generally form the unnoticed background of one's consciousness—the steps overhead, the distant voices, the ticking of the clock, the breathing of the dog in the corner. Even the mice and the chimney-swallows had not come back, and I missed the scurrying in the walls and the flutter of wings in the chimney. The fire purred low, now and then the wind sighed gently about the corner of the "new part," and a loose door-latch clicked as the draught shook it. A branch drew back and forth across a window-pane with the faintest squeak. And little by little the old house opened its heart. All that it told me I hardly yet know myself. It gathered up for me all its past, the past that I had known and the past that I had not known. Time fell away. My own importance dwindled. I seemed a very small part of the life of the house—very small, yet wholly belonging to it. I felt that it absorbed me as it had absorbed the rest—those before and after me—for time was not.

There was the sound of slow wheels outside, the long roll of the carriage-house door, and the trampling of hoofs on the flooring within. Then the clinking of the lantern and the even tread of feet on the path behind the house, a gust of raw snow-air—and the house fell silent so that Jonathan might come in.

"Your sugar is hardening nicely, I see," he said, rubbing his hands before the fire.

"Yes," I said. "You know I *told* Janet that for this part of the affair we could trust to the fool's Providence."

"Thank you," said Jonathan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SÃO PAULO: AN OLD CITY THAT IS CARVING NEW WAYS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FIFTH ARTICLE IN THE SERIES ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA

FROM Rio we came down to São Paulo. This is one of the most prosperous and rapidly advancing cities in Brazil, and it shows the special characteristic of so many South American cities; for it is a city with a very old past which has made an extraordinary development in the last few decades. We in the United States are accustomed to the extraordinary growth of cities which are absolutely new—such cities as those of the State of Washington, for instance—but we are not accustomed to seeing that kind of growth occur in cities which are older than Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Charleston. São Paulo has played a prominent part in the colonial history of Brazil. Its people were exceptionally adventurous frontiersmen, half Spanish and half Indian, whose bands of pioneer explorers wandered through the vast Indian-haunted regions of interior Brazil, much as the Rocky Mountain trappers and traders three-quarters of a century ago wandered over the Far West. The city thus early achieved a peculiar character and played a peculiar part.

Some three centuries went by before there was any vital change. Then, with the cultivation of coffee on a large scale by modern methods, the city and the province suddenly found themselves swept into the current of industrial and civilized progress. There has been a large immigration. Not only tens of thousands of good workers but hundreds of capable and energetic business men and engineers have come. The native population has responded eagerly to the stimulus, and industrial and material development have been the order of the day. The old life has been pushed aside, but not destroyed, and as yet not completely absorbed. There has been a great development of railways, a great development of tramways in the towns. Automobiles are plentiful. The school system is being spread rapidly. There is a capital normal school at São Paulo itself. Moreover, São Paulo is an unusually attractive and well-built city, and the smaller towns also are responding to the new thrill. The whole life of the province has been profoundly affected for good. Yet enough of the old life remains to add color and charm and the pleasure of vivid contrast. On broad roads with automobiles passing and repassing we also meet great carts precisely such as have been used in this land for four centuries. They may be drawn by six or eight or ten oxen. The huge wheels are of solid wood, and on the ungreased axles they groan and creak so as to drown the noise of the automobiles themselves. They say that the oxen will stop at once if the noise ceases. I have not seen such carts or heard them since thirty-three years ago when I met a band of Red River half-breeds going to a buffalo hunt in North Dakota. The pack-animals still swarm in the streets of São Paulo, and in the outlying districts one comes across mounted pig drovers, their big dogs herding the scores of wild-looking swine. All this goes side by side with bacteriological institutes, with improved stock farms, with light and power plants, with modern methods of education for both boys and girls. Of course the old life will gradually pass completely out of existence, but before it does so pass I hope it will have left a stamp of individuality on the new life that is taking its place.

In São Paulo I visited the excellent museum, and I visited the very remarkable institution where dangerous snakes are being studied and practical measures for the reduction of mortality by them devised. I visited some of the great industrial enterprises. I also made an address in the Normal School, where I felt just as much at home as if I had been in the United States and had listened to a speech in English by one of the girls of the graduating class. After reading the books of Brazil of sixty and seventy years ago, it is astounding to see the change that has taken place; and in no way has the change been greater or more beneficial than in the education of women, and indeed as regards woman's general position. The women missionaries from the South Branch of the American Methodist Church have done invaluable work towards this end.

It was my good fortune to visit a typical town of the interior agricultural districts, Pirajú, distant from São Paulo a dozen hours by rail. It is right in the heart of the coffee district,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coffee and pigs being the two staple commodities of the neighborhood. It is on the borders of the tropical country, and there are plenty of palms and banana trees; but the spirit of enterprise which we tend to associate only with colder regions was as much in evidence as if we were in Maine or Oregon. The town's whole growth has been a matter of the last twenty-five years. There were electric lights and a good water supply, and a trolley line is about to be inaugurated. There was a capital school, the classes being taught by graduates of the São Paulo Normal School. Moreover, together with these symptoms of business energy and of practical adaptability which are familiar in our own country, there was attention to other matters which we of the north sometimes neglect. There was, for instance, a handsome little park, and here, as elsewhere, I was struck by the courtesy of the inhabitants. As usual, the municipal authorities entertained us, this time at breakfast—lunch we in our country would probably call it—and one dish, a kind of soup of chicken and flaked rice, called *canja*, is so delicious that I much wish we could introduce it into the United States. If fortune favors me, I shall certainly try to get it into my own household!

After this we traveled on by railway southward toward the Uruguayan border. The train was comfortable, the stations neat and attractive and well kept, and the country interesting. Hand in hand with the new industrial development we saw on every side the old-time picturesqueness of buildings and peasant ways; and, as always, the mixture had an attractive flavor of its own.

THE SPECTATOR

SPENDING his spring vacation last year below Mason and Dixon's line, the Spectator was much entertained in studying the symptoms of that infectious Southern fever which is spreading so fast among well-to-do Northerners. It seems to follow a fairly regular course. The first year it carries its victims to Lakewood, New Jersey, or to Atlantic City, for the cold months. The second season they are to be found at Virginia Hot Springs or Asheville; the third perhaps on the Augusta sand-hills. By the fourth they cannot possibly endure the rigors of any winter north of Jacksonville or Palm Beach. The Spectator wonders less at the prevalence of this agreeable malady than he does at the thousands of not impecunious Americans who deny themselves one glimpse of the lovely and vanishing South. For the old South is going—some would say, perhaps, is gone. The Spectator never knew the prosperous South of "befo' de wah." The plaintive, romantic, reminiscent South of the reconstruction has for him a singular charm. An aroma hangs about it, an aroma which the new wave of Southern enterprise, unmistakably swelling, and the seasonal rush of Northerners South is bound erelong to dissipate.

It was the Spectator's enviable fortune to make the acquaintance of two dear little old ladies living on in shrunken state in the old family mansion in the quaint town of Camden, South Carolina. A pathetic air of decay hangs over the house, although the Colonial silhouettes and carved mahogany in the great drawing-rooms would throw a collector into spasms of envy. Standing under the fragrant wisteria draping the high white portico, the little ladies spoke sadly of the changes that had come to the old town. "Of all the real old families," said they, "not more than three are still living in the homestead." The Spectator glanced across the neglected lawns to a wonderful hedge on the neighboring estate, a hedge of box clipped scallop-fashion, like the waves of the sea. "That's the real thing, I fancy," he said, sure of being right. The ladies shook their heads. "That place is owned now by a family of wealthy Jews from New York, who regularly winter here. They have shown good taste in not altering the garden, though the house is quite made over, we understand. We heard yesterday that the place on the other side of ours has also passed into Northern hands. A few years more and this will be a Northern winter resort, not a Southern town."

As he went about, the Spectator was dismayed to find how many of the most characteristic of the Colonial houses were indeed in alien hands. To one he clung long, sure that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so precious a thing would never have been allowed to go out of the family that originally possessed it. The high-gabled end of the old stone house stood broadside to the street, the only door opening into a gallery running across the garden front. When, one day, that door was left ajar, the Spectator caught a glimpse of white-gowned women rocking in the green seclusion of that gallery, looking out on the typical Southern garden—all formal borders and arbors and high arches of box, with here and there a little opening for a rose trellis, or a daffodil-bed, or an old stone fountain. But no, he had to give up—that place had gone the way of all the rest. It was the winter playhouse of folks from New Jersey.

Happily not much can be done to change the Southern aspect of the dooryard. The soil forbids anything like Northern turf—sparse crops of Southern rye, starred through with daffodils, is the nearest approach to grass which the most strenuous cultivation will produce. So long as the moist, warm climate endures, every tree-trunk will be splotched with gray lichens or rich green moss, or mantled in ivy or climbing fern, and irregular masses of mistletoe will cling in the upper branches. Southern jasmine will trail over every bush and loop itself into the very trees, long-leaved pines will make soft, wavering blurs against the sky, and climbing roses—wee yellow Lady Banksias, great white Cherokee roses, and all the rambler tribe—will riot everywhere. Northern invaders will not change the mocking-birds, nor the jays, nor the noisy woodpeckers whose incessant drumming is such a feature of the quiet streets. All the same, the Spectator counsels those to whom the South is a closed book to hurry, lest the text be translated into a less poetic tongue.

Of course there is the Negro. So long as he remains, an element of picturesqueness is secure. By good luck the Spectator happened into the market-place on Saturday afternoon, when it is eschewed by all but the Negro population. Climbing the high stone steps to the upper balcony of the old court-house (steps where Washington himself has stood), he sat down to watch the singular procession of vehicles streaming in from the country districts. Mules, mud-splashed to the very withers, trailed by, drawing buggies pink with the same plastering mud and bulging with happy families from the plantations. Lacking a buggy in any stage of doddering superannuation, the family bulged just as contentedly from wagon, rick, or springless cart. Here and there an ox team varied the line, and once the Spectator is prepared to vouch that a roadster was no other than a mild-eyed cow! At the time he was at a loss to account for the apparent fact that every Negro family in the countryside possessed a going beast—a well-conditioned beast at that. He learned afterwards that, in hiring out, a plantation hand always stipulates for so much bacon and corn-meal in addition to his wages, and for the use of "de mule" to drive to town on Saturday afternoon—or, if not the mule, then for some other locomoting creature on four legs capable of hauling a generous family.

From his perch on the steps of the deserted court-house the Spectator commanded a wide view of the Negro quarter—a region of irresponsible-looking log cabins with much washing going on in the dooryards, where fires were burning under vast three-legged iron kettles and suds were flying from brimming tubs. An out-of-doors life and a merry one, to judge from the sounds going up from the quarter, sounds punctuated by the crowing of innumerable strutting cocks. Below in the shady street a monumental well marked the place of the old slave market. Half a dozen grinning pickaninnies clambered over it now. The real sight, though, must be farther up the street where the plantation parties were stopping. The Spectator forsook the court-house with a backward look at its peeling pinkish-stuccoed front, and made his way past rows of one-room Negro shops, their signs printed by hand in intoxicated capitals, to the shopping center of the town.

Here indeed was a scene—the roadway congested with a dense mass of nondescript vehicles, the patient mules staying themselves upon bristling bunches of corn-husks, the sidewalks packed with affable loafing blacks enjoying a five o'clock without the tea. Such figures! Impressive black women with clay pipes in their mouths, white-haired Uncle Toms. Here a tall, straight, coal-black Negress in a turban, with little crinkly braids sticking out all round her face, and on top of the turban a large, broad-brimmed straw hat. Here another on her way to deliver her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laundry work with her bundle balanced on her head. Her hands are needed to balance the bundle, but she is not at a loss to know how to dispose of the modish hat which she'll need to go home in. She has stuck it jauntily on top of the wash! The Spectator would have liked to stay longer in the picturesque throng, but that the unfailing courtesy of the Negroes, who habitually salute a white man, made him feel ashamed to spy upon them.

A cotton plantation in March is as surprising a sight as one need look for. The Spectator drove out from Camden to a famous one, a thousand acres of undulating land, all furrowed by the plow, but all dazzling white like the sands of the Sahara! The uplands of this unnatural sea-beach rounded in sharp relief against the blue of the sky, and on the other side the land fell away to pine woods richly green against the vivid sands. Not a spear of vegetation pricked the waste. When the Spectator said something scathing about the arid soil, his driver jumped down and brought him a handful. Black loam lay just beneath the sand, which works to the surface under the plow. As if to intensify the weird effect of the wide white landscape, the Negro plantation hands whitewash their queer stockaded cabins, and the trees grouped round them bore the white beads of the china-berry.

As he drove back through the turpentine camps, where giant pines were weeping their life-blood into cups hollowed in their own excoriated bark, and through the strange Carolina woods, where every tree-trunk was red many feet up from the root with the mud of the flooding Wateree, the Spectator thanked his lucky stars that twenty-four hours on the rail would carry a New Yorker so far out of his world as this.

THE NEW BOOKS

ETHELBERT NEVIN[1]

Who does not know Nevin's "Rosary"? More, it is said, has been written about it than about any other song. To quote Madame Schumann-Heink, "Notice the composer's phrase, how it slips along in the eighth notes, just as the small beads would slip through our fingers. And at the end of every such phrase comes a long note and a pause. This is repeated over and over after the manner of the pious devotees of the rosary." Many of those who know "The Rosary" know Nevin's youthful song, "O That We Two Were Maying," and some know that favorite song of his maturer years, "Herbstgefühl." Less known than Ethelbert Nevin's songs is his piano music—lyric too, and fragrant with fancy.

Out of all this music there shines a man. The man was also a child. As Mr. Vance Thompson, in his just-published life of Nevin, says, "He carried over into manhood, unsullied, those heart qualities that belong so exclusively to childhood. He had always a child's intimacy with nature. . . . Children went to him with unhesitating confidence. . . . For him as for the child the world was very mysterious and life was a daily miracle." Such a man could write a song to Stevenson's "Every Night My Prayers I Say," a song of only one page. "But is it not simplicity itself?" inquires Mr. Philip Hale. "There is no puerility, there is no triviality, there is no affectation, as though the composer said aloud, 'Come now, I will unbend and show you how simple I can be.'"

Ethelbert Nevin's charm as a personality was that of a persistent boy plus a persistent poet. This combination was always evident. Take, as example, his description of a trip in the Spreewald:

> After a two-and-a-half-hours' ride we came to Lübbenau, where we popped off, bag and baggage. A walk of twenty minutes brought us to the *Gasthof* of the Black Eagle, where we inquired if we could obtain a boat and a boatman to take us to Burg. We said we should like, if possible, a fine old fellow with side-whiskers, sprinkled with enough gray to give us at least an idea that he might be trustworthy. Well, we found him and he seemed anxious to take us. . . . The trip was the most romantic thing I have ever seen. Mile after mile along these natural canals, passing . . . old tumble-down cottages, old mills, old women, and old men. Here they were weeding flax, here washing linen. Some were making butter, others knitting on the doorsteps. Then from ever so many cottages some little girl with her

[1] The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. By Vance Thompson. The Boston Music Company, Boston. $2.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bright red petticoat, her little blue bodice, and her white headgear would run alongside of the canal and toss a bunch of poppies, forget-me-nots, fleur-de-lys, and *Kaiserblumen* into our boat. On we crept slowly, quietly, dreamily, until twilight came and the first little stars peeped out to see what the world was going to do that night.

No one knew Nevin well who did not love him as a character, sincere, spontaneous, as full of fidelity as of delicate fancy and imagery. To be sure, he was the composer of some of the best lyric music America has yet produced. But the thousands who knew him as a friend will appreciate Mr. Vance's volume because it is a pious tribute to the man rather than because of its critical analysis of the man's art.

A delicate and deep spiritual reverence underlay both man and art. Nevin once wrote:

Isn't this life of ours a strange, strange thing? How we live to learn and after all how little we know! . . . We come into this lovely world and for a few years we are between a flower and a fruit. We grow, blossom, and our lives are as pleasant as a day in June. Then come our first little trials, our first loves and . . . the thirst for knowing and to be known. Thereon we live, work, are strong, weak, happy, or sad. Bitter experience comes and suddenly our eyes are open to the fact that there are innumerable little clouds that we have never noticed before. And if we continue to gaze and gaze at them, they grow and grow until we could almost believe that there was no sun. Oh, if we could only see a little further! . . .

After all, what can be a greater blessing than to be born into this lovely world—to see the trees, the flowers, to be near those we love, to be able to work, to study, to grow, always seeing the roads become clearer? Then the keen joy of battling with and conquering self; the still greater joy of conferring happiness upon another. Yes, love rules the world.

Such a man was worth knowing. Such a man was worth loving. He died prematurely. But his work remains. And it is worth knowing and prizing.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.40.

In a translation from the Danish we have a fine piece of fiction by Martin Andersen Nexö, the first of four parts of a proposed greater work. "Pelle the Conqueror" depicts the childhood of the son of an old farmer spent upon the island of Bornholm, in the Baltic. It is profoundly moving because of its deep and limpid sincerity. The exquisite love between the worn, timid, boastful old father and the bright, affectionate, daring, sturdy child burns with a steady glow in the midst of the most sordid surroundings, the most heartbreaking toil, and often the most revolting coarseness of life. This part appeared in 1906, the surprising work of a man almost unknown, and of such humble origin and educational advantages that Pelle is regarded as largely autobiographical. The remaining parts, in three other volumes, carry Pelle through his apprenticeship, his life in Copenhagen, and to his final victory in laying the foundation of a garden city for the benefit of his fellow-workers.

Seething Pot (The). By George A. Birmingham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.30.

Canon Hannay has won such a reputation as a humorist by his "General John Regan," "Spanish Gold," and other stories that the present study of political conditions in Ireland in story form will disappoint some readers. In "The Red Hand of Ulster" he touched the same subject, but in a whimsical spirit and in the method of extravaganza. "The Seething Pot" is not without a sense of humor, but its purpose is essentially serious. The situation is that of a young Irish landlord whose early life has been spent in Australia, whither his father had been transported for a foolish attempt at revolution. Sir Gerald, the young man, succeeds to an uncle's title and estate. The peasants and the extremists hate him simply because he is a landlord. Naturally and because of his father's history, he is at heart a radical; but the burden of his inheritance puts him in a false position. The first part of the story is rather heavily done, but as the tale proceeds it grows in interest.

It Happened in Egypt. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.

A typical Williamson book: what the tourist sees and talks about in Egypt, made amusing by the vivacity of the very modern and flippant young people—English and American—who flirt, fall in love, and have more or less exciting adventures among the ancient temples, on the desert, and up the Nile. A pleasing enough concoction, but, it must be added, too long drawn out.

Will to Live (The). By M. P. Willcocks. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

"Mary poisoned her mother's tea,
Her mother died in agonee;
Her father really was quite vexed,
And said, 'Well, Mary, now, what next?'"

These lines forced themselves to the front after reading this novel. The tragedies surrounding the heroine are more than one—indeed, they are legion. A summary of them would be too tedious. In her prosperous old age a Frenchwoman of peasant birth recalls her old lover from England, where he is a settled medical man of ideals, in order to give him her baby

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grandchild. He accepts the charge, and makes the little girl his soul companion, being saddled himself with a shrewish wife. The girl, through some vague impact of souls or chance remark, is the cause of his suicide. From that moment her way is beset by disasters of soul and body. In despair we inquire, "Now, what next?" and are quite resigned to find her accepting as her second husband the doctor who killed her first. A more impossible group of men it would be difficult to gather together. Yet cleverness in abundance is wasted on the tale.

Story of Helga (The). By Rudolph Herzog. English Version by Ade Lewisohn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.35.

This story has gone into many editions in Germany, and now appears in English. The talented daughter of a noted prima donna devotes herself to an artistic career, making firm friends among the students. Her youth and love of art lead her into a mistaken idea of the proportions of life, and how she suffered, struggled, and finally succeeded in winning freedom is told with humor, pathos, and much realization of human nature.

Another Man's Shoes. By Victor Bridges. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

Here is a veritable rival to Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. Lovers of criminal mystery stories will find this exciting, well planned, and sometimes amusing. To be sure, it turns on one of those exact resemblances between two strangers at which one's sense of the probable protests, but, that once accepted, the plot is capitally managed.

Anthology of the Forms of Dedication Used from the Earliest Days of Book-making to the Present Time. Compiled by Mary Elizabeth Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The series of dedications which have here been brought together presents examples from the earlier days of book-making to the present time; the curious variety of the headings will give to most readers a new impression as to the range of interest of literary workers during all the centuries of printed literature. Under the titles of "Deity," "Virgin Mary," "Royalty," and "Dignitaries of Church and State" will be found tributes to great leaders of every land; many and varied are the inscriptions to "Friends," to "Women," and to "Things Spiritual;" while a glance at the division "Children" is like a whiff of fragrance from a box-bordered posy garden. This division includes Dedications to Lads and Lasses of all climes and ages since the time of Chaucer. Under "Animals" we note the close bond of relationship between a great writer and his furry or feathered comrade. Other headings, such as to "Oneself," to the "Reader," to "Any and Everyone," give an impression of the efforts on the part of the author to come into personal relations with his readers.

This anthology may fairly be described as unique, not only in its purpose and character, but in the comprehensiveness and novelty of the material that has been brought together by the scholarly compiler. The volume is not only an addition to the literature of reference, but the dedications form exceptionally interesting reading.

Jan Vermeer of Delft. By Philip L. Hale. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $10.

At last we have a book in English on Vermeer. Mr. Hale's is not a definitive, critical biography. It is, however, an extremely valuable, popular account. About fifty illustrations in full color, half-tone, and photogravure reinforce the text. Vermeer died in 1675. From that time to our own no painter of his real rank, so far as we know, ever suffered such an eclipse. Just why most of his pictures should have been assigned to other painters and just why he himself should have dropped out of sight have never been made clear. At all events, about fifty years ago the French connoisseur Bürger-Thoré rediscovered him, and from that time forth Vermeer has gained an ever-increasing vogue among artists, critics, and collectors alike.

As to collectors, Americans can be proud that we have in this country so many good examples of Vermeer's art. Every visitor to the Metropolitan Museum knows, or should know, that exquisite canvas "The Young Woman Opening a Casement Window," and just now the Museum also has on loan some other Vermeers. Mr. Hale justly emphasizes the Vermeers in the Altman, Morgan, Frick, Huntington, Gardner, Johnson, and Widener collections. We get from such a book as this not only an interpretation of a particular artist's art, but also of the art of painting in general.

Of course Mr. Hale's book has a unique value because it is, as we have said, the first book on Vermeer to be written in the English language, and also the only volume to contain a complete collection of Vermeer's known paintings. It is of particular value to any one who has ever been in Holland, and in especial to one who has been in Vermeer's own town, Delft, or who has stood before those masterpieces, appropriately in the Mauritshuis in The Hague—his well-known "View of Delft" from the Rotterdam Canal, and his "Allegory of the New Testament," and, above all, his "Portrait of a Young Girl."

Writing about Vermeer in The Outlook three years ago, Mr. E. V. Lucas called him "the rarest and most fastidious of masters." After reading Mr. Hale's book one feels anew the justice of that statement. What other painter, no matter how great, has ever more exactly transferred to canvas the peculiar charm which we associate with a flower or a butterfly, and that too with an atmosphere of absolute serenity? What other painter, indeed, ever adjusted color values more exquisitely? What other ever produced a more pervasive "tone"? The result is a richness of satisfaction to the onlooker which may not be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite apart from any other satisfaction derived from any other painter.

Philosophy of the Practical. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

This is not, as one might think from its title, an addition to the literature of pragmatism. On the contrary, its author specifically attacks the pragmatists as representatives of "the school of the greatest confusion that has ever appeared in philosophy." Croce's own general standpoint is that of an idealism of the Hegelian type, with reality conceived as a universal life unfolding possibilities through the individual.

He writes, too, in the true Hegelian manner; that is to say, with a confusing fondness for fine-spun distinctions, and a diction that makes his book one for the professional philosopher rather than for the reader who, without experience in the technicalities of philosophic discussion, nevertheless rightly looks to philosophy for guidance in the affairs of life. The translator, Mr. Ainslie, tacitly recognizes in his preface the difficulty of comprehending Croce; insisting, however, that the soundness of his views will ultimately be generally recognized.

We confess we do not altogether share this belief. A philosopher who proclaims, for example, that error is always the result of willing to err, and that we can never be obliged to do anything against our will, can hardly hope to obtain a wide influence among sensible people.

Jews and Modern Capitalism (The). By Werner Sombart. Translated by M. Epstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The great defect of this extraordinary book is its author's amazing commingling of fact, inference, and fancy in the effort to substantiate his thesis that Jewish influence has been a decisive—if not the decisive—factor in the development of the economic life of the civilized world.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the Jews have indeed made substantial contributions to world progress. But Professor Sombart claims far too much for them, and to make matters worse tries to bolster up his claim by arguments absolutely devoid of the support of sound historical evidence. This is strikingly seen, for example, in his assertion that the Jew was the great colonizer of the New World, and was especially conspicuous as a pioneer of expansion in the English colonies, faring forth into the wilds to establish trading-posts in every little hamlet. One has only to acquaint one's self with the facts of frontier settlement to appreciate the preposterousness of such an assertion. The whole historical portion of the book is loaded with similar imaginings.

On the other hand, eliminating these, it is possible to accord considerable praise, for there is still left a solid enough body of evidence to make the work serve as a helpful corrective to the widespread tendency to minimize Jewish influence in economic evolution. And it is to be added that if Professor Sombart errs in the opposite direction, he shows himself a skilled analyst and frank critic of the Jewish character, going far in this respect to make amends for his manifest shortcomings as a historian.

Short History of the United States (A). By John Spencer Bassett, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Professor Bassett has assuredly given us a comprehensive outline history of the United States. If anything, it is too comprehensive, for so much information has been packed between its covers that there is little room for literary embellishment, a feature especially to be desired in books intended, as all school histories should be, to awaken a desire for more knowledge of the subjects on which they touch. Professor Bassett's narrative is a plain and rather tedious record, having the saving grace of uncommon accuracy and good historical judgment. We know, indeed, no other single-volume history of our country which is quite so fully in accord with the conclusions of the best historical scholarship regarding disputed points, or one in which the subject-matter has been so well arranged. Particularly striking is the recognition given to social and economic factors in the Nation's development and the deftness with which the topical method of treatment is combined with the chronological. All of which deepens one's regret that Professor Bassett has so completely overlooked the fundamental principle in the historian's art—the principle that history is essentially the art of telling a story, and that to be really effective it must be told in an interesting way.

Independence of the Executive; The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy; The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894. By Grover Cleveland. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. $1 each.

Thirteen years ago ex-President Cleveland began his lectures at Princeton University as the incumbent of the newly founded Lectureship on Public Affairs. His subject for the first year was "The Independence of the Executive;" for the second year, "The Venezuelan Boundary Question." The only other subject on which Mr. Cleveland lectured before the University was "The Government in the Chicago Strike." Of course he always had crowded audiences and close attention.

Those who heard him—and the far wider audience which did not but which treasures his expressions of opinion—will welcome the publication of these lectures in three slender volumes.

As their editor—Dean West, of the new Graduate College at Princeton—says, the lectures disclose the meaning of important happenings in our National history. "They make clear as light that plain, strict, unswerving, and unaffected honesty which was the vigorous central power in Grover Cleveland's life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READER'S VIEW

ALCOHOL A SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE

In the issue of The Outlook for December 6, 1913, there appeared an article under the title "What Shall We Do for Gasoline?" To this question I answer, "Do without it and all other petroleum distillates for automobile purposes." I realize, however, that this answer will not bring about an immediate solution of the problem that is now agitating the public mind; but I am convinced that the nearer we come to action approximating this tentative result, or the sooner we prepare for its eventuality, the better it will be for the country.

Some years ago (in 1907, to be exact) I wrote an article for one of the service papers on the relative merits of gasoline and alcohol as power producers, which, I think, has a bearing on the subject. The importance of the matter seems to me to warrant a repetition here of some of the features of the article, particularly as present conditions are more favorable to my contention than they were at the time the article was written.

It is evident to all who are conversant with the subject that the rapidly diminishing supply of gasoline now generally used for power production makes it imperatively necessary speedily to find a substitute. I cannot agree with the author of the article referred to that kerosene furnishes the most promising material for taking the place of gasoline. Kerosene being, like gasoline, a petroleum distillate, will soon follow gasoline into the prohibitive class of liquid fuels. However, I shall not attempt to discuss at large the subject of petroleum fuels, but will at once advance my theory that alcohol is the best possible substitute for gasoline in sight to-day.

Considering that almost any vegetable product of a starchy nature in which fermentation takes place may be turned into alcohol, we must realize the possibility that a vast amount of the world's starchy material, and particularly waste material, can be used for power purposes. Alcohol may be produced from an almost infinitely wide range of plants scattered all over the world. The wild grasses of some of the Pacific islands have in their composition a large number of heat units which may be made available in the production of power. Corn cobs from the canning factories, formerly thrown away or burned as useless, yield sixty gallons of alcohol to the ton, and corn stalks themselves will furnish thirty gallons of the fluid per ton. The world-wide distribution of materials which are the sources of supply adds greatly to the general availability of alcohol. These facts all tend to lessen the cost of alcohol in the markets of the world, for the supply of crude material being so general, it can be manufactured nearer to the markets and to the consumer than can be done with any mineral product of the land. Thus the important factor of transportation for the finished article can be materially reduced.

About the time that Congress passed the law authorizing the removal of the internal revenue tax on alcohol used for industrial purposes, in 1907, one of the leading men engaged in the sugar business of Cuba said that his company, which had been theretofore manufacturing molasses at a cost of about three cents a gallon and selling it at four cents, at once turned its plant to the production of alcohol, which cost about the same as molasses to manufacture, but which brought eight cents per gallon in the local markets. Since then alcohol has been largely used to drive railway engines in the island of Cuba, as being cheaper than coal or any of the petroleum distillates.

Denatured alcohol of such a composition as to relieve the manufacturers from the necessity of paying the usual internal revenue tax on ordinary alcohol of $2.20 per gallon now being a possibility in the United States, it will be seen that there is no question but that alcohol can be produced here at a cost of twelve cents per gallon, as one good authority has stated, and sold in the market, at a reasonable profit to the dealers, at the price of twenty cents per gallon.

But there is another feature of the alcohol proposition besides its cost as compared with that of gasoline which must be considered in searching for its value as a power producer. That is its efficiency.

Very few alcohol engines are being used in the United States at the present time, and little has been done towards the development of an engine of the highest efficiency to use this particular fuel. What experiments have been made to determine the comparative values of gasoline and alcohol, as far as efficiency is concerned, have been mainly carried on with the ordinary internal-combustion engine designed for the use of gasoline, and these have not given the best results for alcohol. But even with this handicap it has been shown that, although alcohol has fewer heat units in its composition than has gasoline, it being less volatile, its vapor mixed with air can be compressed into a smaller volume before reaching its flash-point. This compression admits of greater expansion in the cylinder of the engine, and consequently more work can be done with the same amount of alcohol than with gasoline. Tests made by the Government with two small engines of similar character show that in general they required equal quantities of gasoline and denatured alcohol respectively per brake horse-power hour, but that the maximum thermal efficiency of the two fluids stood as 28 per cent to 40 per cent in favor of alcohol. In well-designed alcohol engines made in Europe the thermal efficiency of alcohol ranges as high as 54 per cent, or nearly double that of gasoline. Denatured alco-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hol, therefore, more nearly approaches the ideal fuel than any other known substance. Nothing keeps it out of general use but its cost and the fact that engines of the present day are not designed to use it.

But still other advantages which alcohol has over gasoline, and which should hasten the day for its adoption as a substitute, are its cleanliness, its smokelessness, and its freedom from disagreeable odors. If cities should put a ban on the obnoxious odors of gasoline as they do on the products of combustion of bituminous coal (a less deleterious substance, since its products of combustion are generally delivered high in air, while those of gasoline are discharged directly into the nostrils of the people), there would be such a demand for alcohol engines as to cause their manufacture in large numbers. Gasoline and alcohol would then soon be on a parity as regards price, and when this is brought about all factors of the fuel question for automobiles will be in favor of alcohol.

There is still another matter in this question of liquid fuel which may mean much for the country in general. We have by recent tariff legislation in Congress cut off from the home markets the principal industry—the manufacture of sugar—of some of our Southern States and the important territories of Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps placed their vital interests in jeopardy. If the million gasoline automobiles of the country alone, which have a total output of 25,000,000 average horse-power and consume 17,000,000 barrels of gasoline, to say nothing of the many other interests demanding power, were put on an alcohol basis, it is thought that these districts would be able to manufacture alcohol instead of sugar in such quantities and sell the product at such prices as to better even their present conditions. The farmers of the other States would also be benefited if there was a sufficient demand for denatured alcohol, for they can now distill their own alcohol on the farms and supply the great demand for power for cultivating the soil and send the surplus product of their stills to market in a condensed form to the great saving of transportation expenses, and at the same time relieve the overburdened railways in time of harvest.

It has been estimated that the refuse material consisting of fermentable vegetable matter now thrown away in the city of New York alone, if properly sorted and treated, could be made to produce enough alcohol to furnish the motive power of the navy of the United States, an economical factor, to say nothing of its sanitary value, of inestimable benefit to its people.

Denatured alcohol is easily soluble in water, and when mixed in about equal proportions becomes inflammable, which is not so with gasoline, and hence alcohol is safer than gasoline. If substituted for the petroleum products, the hazard involved in the storage and handling of gasoline would be avoided, and the great cost of insuring automobiles lessened.

The production of alcohol is based on the perennial output of the vegetable kingdom. The supply of this class of materials is therefore inexhaustible, while no more coal is forming and mineral oils will soon cease to exist. If, then, we must seek a substitute for gasoline as a power producer, let us at once develop the great possibilities of alcohol, and use it for the purpose.

C. W. CHESTER,
Rear-Admiral United States Navy.

Washington, D. C.

THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM IN THE PHILIPPINES

In my letter to you on the Philippines, printed in your issue of December 13, 1913, at page 792, I gave it as my deliberate opinion that the judicial system and the administration of justice in the Philippines are far superior to our own, and that they could be, and I believe will be, studied with advantageous results by the legislatures of our States. My attention has been called to this statement by many lawyers with manifest incredulity. In justice to myself, permit me to state that said letter was dictated by me very hastily and under the stress of many official matters engaging my attention at the time. Had I written under different circumstances, I would have expressed more accurately my opinion—which is that the judicial system and the administration of justice in the Philippines are characterized by greater despatch, economy, and efficiency than in the States, and could be studied with advantageous results by our State Legislatures when they take up the question of judicial reform, which is a live and pressing one with us at this time. I did not mean to convey the idea that the judges of the Philippine courts are even the equal, much less the superior, of our Federal or State judges in point of ability and learning, for they are not.

Furthermore, facility and economy in the administration of justice in the Philippines is due in large measure, in my opinion, to the fact that justice is administered by the judge alone without the intervention of a jury, whereas with us the jury is a fundamental part of our judicial system, and cannot be changed without appropriate amendments of our State and Federal constitutions.

A. SIDNEY LANIER.

Richmond, Virginia.

FEWER LYNCHINGS

During the year ending December 31, 1913, there were fifty-one lynchings in the United States. At the same period a year ago sixty-four lynchings had occurred, a decrease of thirteen for the past year. This is the smallest number in any year since these grim records have been kept.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee, Alabama.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

While New York City lately endured the temporary discomfort of a drop in the temperature to the lowest record in fourteen years, Central Europe, according to despatches, has been experiencing the severest winter in a generation. In eastern Russia 150 deaths from freezing were reported in one day, and stories of peasants devoured by wolves were current. This, fortunately, is a condition to which even the bleakest regions of America offer no parallel.

Ask any dealer, says a writer in the "Country Gentleman," what he considers the most practical fur investment for the woman of limited income, and he will invariably reply, "Skunk, and if she can't afford that—dyed raccoon or opossum." These furs look much alike, and the buyer is recommended to deal with a reliable house to avoid imposture.

The very successful play "Potash and Perlmutter," according to a writer in "McClure's," represents the real New York. "Whose is the hand that dresses the shop windows along Fifth Avenue? Potash's. Whose ladies recline in the limousines that pant in the traffic block? Perlmutter's. This city roars and rumbles and hoots and jangles because Potash and Perlmutter are on their way to something. . . . The apartment-houses are built for Potash and Perlmutter; the restaurants are run for them; the shops are governed by the taste of Mrs. Potash and Mrs. Perlmutter."

A chance remark of Mr. James J. Hill, the financier and railway man, cost him $1,000. This sum was paid by him to Mr. John J. Furlong, President of the Minnesota State Agricultural Society, upon the production by the latter of a fourteen-inch ear of corn at a meeting of the Society. Mr. Hill at a previous meeting had expressed skepticism as to the existence of Minnesota-grown corn of that length, with the promise to pay a thousand dollars for a fourteen-inch ear.

Among interesting Lincoln relics recently disposed of in New York City was a copy of the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment signed by Lincoln, Colfax, and Hamlin, and a volume of original playbills of Ford's Theater for the afternoon and evening of the day on which the President was assassinated. The Amendment brought $3,250; the volume of playbills, $675. Mr. Lincoln's newspaper scrapbook sold for $2,250.

Dr. Carl Jacobsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, who died recently, is said to have left his vast fortune, amounting to nearly $40,000,000, to art purposes. His children received only small legacies.

Poland has a "charter oak," but in its case the tree is an elm. Despatches say that a storm at Cracow uprooted an ancient elm and revealed the hiding-place of the crown which had been worn by the Kings of Poland from the fourteenth century. It had been missing since the middle of the eighteenth century, when Poland was "partitioned."

A small but very enterprising girl, Meta Grace, of Oakman, Alabama, writing to the "Progressive Farmer" of her experiences as a successful prize-winner in the Tomato Club, says: "What did me more good than all was the free trip to Columbia, South Carolina, which was just fine for a little girl that had never had the pleasure of going to such a place before. And when I got there I was asked to state to that vast people what I had done, and when I told them I had canned 225 things, no two alike, I could not hear myself for yells and cheers."

A tip, says the Toronto "Globe," is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you are afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.

A successful peach-grower, Mr. S. J. T. Bush, in a recent talk at Rochester, New York, said that 200,000 bushels of peaches rotted on the trees in one New York county alone in 1912, for lack of cars to transport them to market. Last year the New York Central built 2,000 new refrigerator cars to remedy this situation; but Mr. Bush warns the railway that it must continue to enlarge its transportation facilities or in a year or two history will repeat itself in another disaster to peach-growers.

Sir Rufus Isaacs, England's new Lord Chancellor, Perceval Gibbon remarks in "McClure's" for February, is a great admirer of Joseph Choate (Mr. Gibbon calls Mr. Choate "the late," which phrase happily is a gross exaggeration, as Mark Twain would have said). "More than any other man I have known," Sir Rufus is quoted as saying, "Mr. Choate had a way of speaking on a high plane. His tone was always lofty."

While the Ford automobile company is doing sensational things for labor in the West, a department store in the East has just distributed more than a million dollars among its employees as a reward for faithful service. This was the B. Altman Company, of New York City. In accordance with the late Mr. Altman's will, every employee who had been with the house for fifteen years got a check for $1,000, and those who had served twenty years received $2,500 each.

An English theatrical agent who has been visiting America says that our vaudeville singers and dancers are far superior to those of his country. "English audiences," he says, "like the life and novelty to be found in the American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'turn.' Your acts are far better, too, in the matter of being smartly dressed. British music hall patrons like that."

It is not alone in the streets of Naples that the ready letter writer, who can express with facility the thoughts of the unlearned peasant, is to be found. The New York "Tribune" quotes an advertisement in the "Harvard Crimson" to this effect:

> Letters of all kinds written to order. Requests for checks you have hesitated to ask for—letters pacifying irate fathers—letters of acceptance and regret—letters of apology—bread and butter letters, etc. Any little love affair we can fix up? We succeed where the individual fails.

"Some old-fashioned boys," the "Tribune" remarks sarcastically, "may prefer to write their own love letters. But for the great mass of proudly illiterate collegians the advertiser in the 'Crimson' fills a long-felt want. He should prosper."

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has become a member of the Legion of Honor. Her aspirations for the honor had for many years been frustrated by influential opposition. The cross of the order was pinned on the breast of the famous actress at the conclusion of a performance in her own theater in Paris.

Under the heading "An Indoor Picnic," a newspaper writer offers this suggestion for a children's party: "Instead of putting the children at a large table for supper, clear the table away and arrange trays for two, with cushions to sit on, on the floor. The youthful guests will consider the meal great fun, and look upon it as an indoor picnic. Of course the plainer the room the better."

"How can one see the good in a person when there isn't any there?" The editor of "Hearth and Home" answers this somewhat paradoxical question thus: "There is good to be discovered in every person. We can see what we will to see. . . . This we can see, if no more: we can recognize the innate goodness of any associate, refusing to condemn or criticise because of external appearances, and by such recognition we shall bring that goodness more and more into manifestation." It is faith of this sort that sometimes works apparent miracles in the transformation of character.

A woman who owns eight thousand apple trees and knows how to make money from them is Mrs. Sue Howard Leake, of Winchester, Virginia. She bought a run-down orchard from the profits of a successful boarding-house, and has brought it to a high state of culture. She personally supervises every detail of her business.

Miss Eliza R. Scidmore, author of a book on the treatment of Russian prisoners of war in Japan, says: "Since the Russo-Japanese War the Italian campaign in North Africa and the war of the Balkan allies against Turkey and the war between the allies themselves have shown the extremest contrast to the Japanese way. Christian Europe has proved itself, in these instances at least, still mediæval if not barbaric in the treatment of prisoners of war, despite Geneva and Hague conventions."

Describing the experiences of the battle-ship fleet in the recent storms (as indicated in this issue by the picture of the Delaware), a "Scientific American" correspondent who accompanied the fleet uses this illustration: Enter a fast elevator in a modern sky-scraper; let the elevator drop suddenly with terrifying rapidity for thirty feet, then stop short; repeat the lightning-like drop and the jarring halt; then start upward with a fearful jerk; let some one pour a torrent of water down the elevator shaft; add a deafening noise so that conversation is impossible; keep this process up five times a minute for twenty-four hours—and you have a suggestion of what the Atlantic battle-ship fleet went through.

The average term of service of the 125,000 telephone girls in the United States is only three years. The average number of calls they must respond to is 140 per hour; and each call is accompanied by four flashes of light. The continual flashing frequently results in eye-strain, and this in headache, dullness, and exhaustion. Considerate telephone users will bear these facts in mind and speak gently to the operators when things go wrong.

Rose O'Neill, the inventor of the "Kewpies," is described by the New York "Sun" as "a fair-haired young woman with a beautiful face. . . . Kewpies are only a sort of playfulness with her; they have nothing to do with her grown-up work, her novels, her passionate pictures and her serious poems. She is that rare phenomenon, poet and child."

"The Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians" in a recent issue states that its editors receive no salary for working for it; that even the men and women who act as its mailing clerks are volunteer workers; that one of the women members of the Society pays the postage bills; that it publishes no advertisements; and it bespeaks a hearing from both Indians and whites because it "aspires to be a link that will weld the interests of the two races."

> "The tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand"

compared with the funnels of the new steamship Aquitania. These funnels are 24 feet in diameter and 161 feet high. The masts of the old-time vessels may occasionally have equaled these funnels in height, but in girth and in weight (the four funnels weigh 6,000 tons) Milton's great ammiral's masts are hopelessly outclassed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED